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ARTISAN OR ARTIST?

Book Typography 1815-1965. Edited with an Introduction by Kenneth Day. 401pp. Ernest Benn. £5 5s.

The present ambiguity about the meaning of the word "typography" is an indication of a further lack of definition about the function of the intermediary between an author and his readers. Is a typographer a printer, an artisan, or a book designer, an artist? Should his task be the entrepreneurial one of presenting the author's text in the simplest and most unobtrusive way, merely removing the obstacles in the passage of the book to the reader, or is his visual interpretation of the text to add a new creative element to the book, without which it would have a lesser, or at least different, impact on the reader? These are questions unanswerable in general terms, to which only a partial answer can be given in particular cases.

Rather unexpectedly, the story opens with the dominance of the typographer-designer. We tend to think of this unbalance as a modern development, but in 1815 Bodoni was at the height of his reputation. Bodoni too stood at the end of the tradition which had proceeded from the fifteenth-century imitations of written letters to the mathematical perfection of his own. It has been customary in the past to write of the history of typography in the century after his death as a continuous decline, the economic pressures mixing with if not procuring a parallel decline of taste to produce a typographical nadir, from which a gradual mastery of the mechanical side, with the return of an historically informed taste, has only rescued us in the past fifty years. One useful product of this book is to show what an over-simplification this is.

Book Typography 1815-1965 owes its origin to the distinguished Dutch printing house, G. J. Thieme, whose admirable if self-effacing idea it was to celebrate the century and a half of its own existence with a survey of book typography in all the western countries, written by experts from each country. This national bias has produced some unexpected results. It would be perfectly possible to write a history of the same subject for the same period and omit all mention of Switzerland before Ei Lissitsky: by doing so, one would ignore, for example, a beautiful edition of Haller's *Les Alpes* produced in 1795 by the Société Typographique of Berne which, to judge by the plate (each essay has a generous ration of illustrations), is a completely assured piece of typography, mixing in equal proportions the best elements in the French, German and Italian styles of the time. There are other advantages: the kaleidoscopic image of the 150 years presented by national surveys effectively destroys the illusion of "a century of decline, then the historical revolution". A kaleidoscope will make almost anything look pretty: it also makes you see the latent beauty in objects where it has been ignored before.

There is, then, a good deal that is useful and original about this work. Its faults are mainly mechanical, the worst of them being the translation. This makes very curious reading. The result is never so bad as to be unintelligible, but in mass it is difficult to follow. The only other defect is a matter of structure. Typography is, no matter how national styles differ, essentially an international business. It is exceedingly hard to write about the history of book printing in one particular country without referring to developments in others; indeed, without so doing, it is almost impossible to produce a balanced as well as concise account. Too often the contributors have evaded the problem by a series of generalizations, biographical sketches of prominent figures, and semi-catalogues of books, printers and publishers: quite an effective potpourri, But not a history. The growth of the book has been handicapped by the absence of a general editor. Left to themselves, the contributors have tried to avoid overlapping; nevertheless, a number of inconsistencies of this sort have occurred. For example, the essays on Belgium and the Netherlands contradict each other about the work of Wahlen, one seeing it as "the apogee of romantic typography" and the other as an influence of "severe, classicist style".

But these two essays, by Fernand Baudin and Dr. Ovink, are in some ways the best in the book. Dr. Ovink's authoritative survey of Dutch printing comes to life with the arrival of William Morris's influence, which through the pioneering work of Kalf and J. W. Lascheid in particular, established the tradition which, in the hands of De Roos and Van Krimpen, brought Dutch typography to its present very high reputation. Baudin's essay is the best in the book: only he manages to see his subject as an organic whole, while paying due attention to the individual parts. He is particularly good on the implications of the "Belgian centre-façon" those legal piracies of leading French authors engendered by the apathy of the French book trade, and especially on Henry van de Velde. Although Baudin hardly mentions his founding work at the Bauhaus extraordinary to say, there is no description anywhere in the book of this, one of the most important influences in modern typography he is especially good on van de Velde's early years and that seminal magazine *Van Nu en Straks*, and on his later years and the foundation of ISAD. Altogether, van de Velde emerges as one of the most important and underrated figures in the field of book design. It is no exaggeration to say that a large proportion of the influences now at work can be traced back to him, and through him to William Morris.

The French essays (the first century is covered by Gérard Blanchard, the last fifty years by Maximilien Vox) are altogether more insular. Lively and unexpected as are the typographical experiments of Balzac and Mallarmé, it is difficult to imagine them in anything but a French context. Both authors celebrate Georges Peignot, the founder of the modern French style (but M. Vox will only admit it "a complex of tendencies") of book design. M. Vox looks anxiously to the future: he need not worry: the French "style", nervous and inimitable, capable of the worst and the best in workmanship and design, will continue to delight, infuriate and influence the typographers of other countries. In Germany (the essay is by Georg Kurt Schauer) there has been, in contrast, no national style, only remarkably talented individuals and institutions. Of these, Rudolf Koch, a William Morris half a generation later, and the Insel Verlag are outstanding. The "Insel" style has dominated book design as no publisher does in England; Koch, and the versatile community which he founded, contrived the transition of lettering in Germany from (in effect) the fifteenth to the twentieth century in twenty years without losing any of the characteristic qualities which distinguish the German book.

So far, a certain unity has been discernible. In Italy (by Franco Riva) and (P. M. Handover) in the United States (James Wells) [illegible] they are, reveal differences. In fact lack of [illegible] of the most interesting [illegible] parison in the book. [illegible] Swiss section shows [illegible] edition of Dante (Lugano) the device of a wreath, *Percennis et Fragran[illegible]* of the text injudicious, it as "in the typograph[illegible] of Bodoni". In fact [illegible] can be discovered for [illegible] of the British section, [illegible] of one of William "Wreath" editions, [illegible] Swiss Dante is a comm[illegible] isolated instance under[illegible] normality of British [illegible] Europe during the first [illegible] the period. In the latter [illegible] ever, it is another story [illegible] of interest in the past [illegible] fluence on the present [illegible] to two men: William [illegible] Stanley Morison. Mr. [illegible] passion for craftsm[illegible] warmth of personality [illegible] municated itself even to [illegible] tical example was taken [illegible] from these pages as [illegible] the development of [illegible] graphy, to whom is due [illegible] awakening of the [illegible] good design in books, [illegible] means of achieving [illegible] are due to Stanley M[illegible] type designs which [illegible] Monotype Corporation, [illegible] greatest designs of the [illegible] the *lingua franca* of all [illegible] graphy.

Yet, if the typographic[illegible] the past 150 years [illegible] business of decline [illegible] are always exceptions [illegible] impregnable classicism [illegible] sapped by the romantic [illegible] Pickering maintained [illegible] the standard of typogr[illegible] tion: during the domin[illegible] nical improvements [illegible] Vinne to show how [illegible] not an end in itself. [illegible] has been dominated by [illegible] cal" style: yet conver[illegible] main theme runs the [illegible] call "Bauhaus", now [illegible] closely with the "[illegible] to produce books [illegible] different from those [illegible] ago. Mechanical [illegible] have also exercised [illegible] and now comes the [illegible] photoelectronic compo[illegible] may alter book typog[illegible] more radically. What [illegible] of the future look [illegible] will G. J. Thieme [illegible] bicentenary?

SEAFARING FICTION

The late J. K. Lilly was an exceptionally thorough, businesslike and wide-ranging book-collector, with a diligent determination to educate himself in the process. Professor David Randall, Director of the Lilly Library at Bloomington, Indiana, is gradually documenting this "collector's progress" (to borrow Mr. W. S. Lewis's title for his own inimitable self-documentation) in a series of studies of Lilly's various fields of activity, preliminary, we may hope, to a full-length portrait. Earlier contributions dealt with the Edgar Allan Poe collection and the equally if differently remarkable collection illustrating the history of medicine and surgery. The latest is an account of the formation of Lilly's laboriously constructed canon of "Eighty-Nine Good Novels of the Sea, the Ship, and the Sailor". A cloth-bound quarto of sixteen leaves, unpaginated, printed on cardboard, with enormous and painfully ill-adjusted margins (and seven pages blank), its get-up reflects no credit on its designer and "editor", Indiana University Publications. But its content is illuminating to students of bibliophilic method.

Mr. Lilly, who loved sailing, started with his own thirty-three favourite "books of prose fiction relating to the sea": about half by American authors, half by European (with Jules Verne and Pierre Loti the only continental representatives). After a limited circulation to like-minded specialists, this was expanded to "A Tentative List of One Hundred Favorite (or Notable) Books of Prose Fiction Relating to the [illegible] much wider distribution [illegible] cluded booksellers and [illegible] one of the former would [illegible] to procure, *at once*, [illegible] hand copies of a new [illegible] shortly increased to [illegible] Lilly wanted to read [illegible] ing their inclusion in a [illegible] he would then collect a [illegible] How thoroughly he pe[illegible] is indicated by the [illegible] holograph card-index [illegible] cal library, Section II, [illegible] contained 823 items, [illegible] B, C or D, with a star [illegible] in category A which [illegible] in his final list of [illegible] at 100 but he did [illegible] the balance.

Amateurs of seafaring [illegible] enjoy, and no doubt [illegible] development of the [illegible] here printed in full—[illegible] one, was Percy F. Westerman [illegible] *Submarine* put in [illegible] tion's *The Iron Pirate* [illegible] Why were Melville [illegible] and Conrad (four) [illegible] duced to one little [illegible] berg rates six? How [illegible] one landlubber [illegible] Captain Kettle in his [illegible] knows *Treasure Island* [illegible] never even heard of [illegible] gazetted eighty-nine [illegible] is that Lilly knew [illegible] whatever elaborate [illegible] preparation for [illegible] parations which [illegible] despite the horrible [illegible] instructively describes

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ALAS, POOR DYLAN

LETTERS FROM LLAREGGUB

THE *Selected Letters of Dylan Thomas* explain much of him as a poet, and much of him—the two meet, but also diverge—as the person who existed, somewhere, inside the posthumously woven cocoon. "*In the Bath*. The water is lapping upon my abdominal shore": he was nineteen, he was writing one of his long letters to Pamela Hansford Johnson, whom he had still to meet, who was also young, and who contributed poems like himself, but very different poems, to the Poet's Corner in the *Sunday Referee*. Clipping out of the suburbanism in which all writers begin, he is already the joker at his own expense, ironically observing himself with an amused fatalism, as if his own reflection were commenting on the original. The reflection cocks an eye and sees himself from an odd angle of entertainment. This was his charm, sober or drunk, anxious or momentarily forgetful of his anxiety, fearful or fundamentally, yet momentarily, confident, for the twenty years he had to spend. "I smell quite nice, I look about fourteen, and I have a large round nose: nature gave it to me, but fate, and a weak banister, broke it."

At the same age, in these same letters from Swansea to the young girl in Battersea, he was also able to stand outside his early poems, cock a bird's eye at them, and say how he hoped his poetry would develop. Am I "a little freak of nature, whose madness runs into print rather than into ravings and illusions?" (a question he never seems to have settled). Is it an illusion—"the illusion of myself as some misunderstood poet of talent"—that keeps me writing? But then he will be remarkably objective (which does not mean entirely clear-sighted) about poems, as well as his own poems. He told Pamela (Hansford Johnson how his poems—at this time—were made through the only thing he knew intimately, which was embodied self. "The description of a thought or action—however abstruse it may be—can be beaten home by bringing it on to a physical level. Every idea, intuitive or intellectual, can be imaged and translated in terms of the body, its flesh, skin, blood, sinews, veins, glands, organs, cells, or senses. Through my small, bonebound island" (he had been reading Donne's *Devotions*) "I have learnt all I know, experienced all, sensed all. All I write is inseperable (sic) from the island, blood, sinews, veins, glands, organs, and cells. He had told Miss Hansford Johnson, his submissive whetstone at such length in these early letters, that she must "leave the lambkins alone, or never at least use them unless you can take them literally"; advice this taking of things as they are he repeated and expanded frequently through his twenties. "I think in cells: one day I may think in rains."



Part of a photograph of Dylan Thomas from Bill Brandt's *Shadow of Light* (Bodley Head £3 3s.).

Quite early he wrote of having believed, and wanting passionately to believe again, "in the staggering, bloody, starry wonder of the sky I can see above and the sky I can think of below"; and to a Swansea friend of his adolescence he was to complain, from Glen Lough, a nowhere valley of beauty and drama in Co. Donegal, where he had been staying with Mr. Geoffrey Grigson, of the way his own eyes would insist upon squinting inwards. "When, and if, I look at the exterior world, I see nothing or me: I should like very much to say that I see *everything* through the inner eye, but all I see is darkness and not very nice." The letters show a determination, if he could, to take the lambkins literally, to compel symbol and reality to agree, or to make reality impart its force to symbol. The crux is whether he succeeded, whether an eventual "thinking in rains" was simply, in spite of himself, a change of symbols equally symbolic. In "Fern Hill", in "Poem on his Birthday" or "Over Sir John's Hill" his soberer admirers would argue his success, in the end. Perhaps one day, if they are still at all busy with his poems, American academics will set a question, asking their students to compare "Poem on his Birthday" or "Poem in October" with something else written at Laugharne, 150 years before, which might have fascinated the Thomas of the late poems: Coleridge's recently published jottings on Laugharne, its hills, tides, birds, cottages, and inhabitants, "shrivelled Shrimps of cold and hunger", its gravestones and their inscriptions and the flourishing weeds on the sad winter graves in the Laugharne churchyard, where Thomas is buried. Which is effective with the realness, the clearness, of symbols—the poems of the later poet, or the notes of the earlier one?

So far one can follow in these letters a track of intellectual growth and living good sense; but one can also follow a track of curious insensitivity—literary insensitivity, to leave an insensitive egocentricity on one side. For all his talk of renewing the word, in fact he renewed images (as much as possible, therefore, I employ the scenery of the island to describe the scenery of my thoughts." He told Miss Hansford Johnson—whom he soon regarded as his "only friend", the only person he could be open with, at a distance—that he had been writing since he was a very small boy, that he had "always been struggling with the same things, with the idea of poetry as a thing entirely removed from such accomplishments as 'word-painting', and the setting down of delicate but usual emotions in a few well-chosen words" (which sounds like a crib).

* * *

"There must be no compromise: there is always the one right word: give it". So ordered Miss Hansford Johnson,

despite its foul or merely ludicrous associations; I used "double-crossed" because it was what I meant. It is part of a poet's job to take a debauched and prostituted word, like the beautiful word, "blond", and to smooth away the lines of its dissipation, and to put it on the market again, fresh and virgin.

Turning his practice and problems round and round, this intelligent boy quickly realized that it would be better, if he could, to reverse: to emerge from his first island world of self, to a more public world.

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON: *Selected Letters of Dylan Thomas*. 420pp. Dent. £2 5s.

WILLIAM T. MOYNIHAN: *The Craft and Art of Dylan Thomas*. 304pp. Cornell University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 5s.

LOUISE BOGHAN MURRAY: *Sound and Sense in Dylan Thomas's Poetry*. 172pp. The Hague: Mouton. 21 guilders.

A Garland for Dylan Thomas. Gathered and with a preface by George J. Firmage. Advisory Editor: Oscar Williams. 171pp. Vision. 25s.

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well as renewing, or freshening up, cliches, a weak process). Words, and the rhythmical and formal matrices in which his words were held, he did not renew. It was this failure he was unable to recognize, and it goes unrecognized by his all-or-nothing panegyrists, from ignorance, or from delusion. It is fascinating, in this respect, to read him answering a criticism that Mr. Stephen Spender made of his earlier poems. Mr. Spender wrote of them as tap poetry: "just poetic stuff with no beginning or end", which could be turned on, turned off. Thomas indignantly but confusedly rejoined that his poems were "watertight compartments": "The last thing they do is flow; they are much rather hewn"—though if they were "watertight compartments", they were presumably filled with arrested flow; and there is little point in hewing a flow. Also, off guard, when there was no critic to be answered, he could, as we have seen, discourse happily enough about the veins and the flow and the flesh of his verse. "Nearly all of my images, coming as they do, from my solid and fluid world of flesh and blood . . ." In fact, confusing word and image, squinting inwards and into literature, Thomas used words which he lifted from the amalgamated practice of nineteenth-century romanticism, early, middle and late, the "accepted language" of poetry, the Keats-Poe-Arnold pattern in most of us, which was equally the source of his rhythm and movement.

. . . It was late
For his strange kind of poet.

Louis MacNeice had to admit in his valediction to Thomas. It was certainly late; and years have gone by since a first suggestion that Thomas's poetry owes it popularity to the romantic stereotype of its movement, its sonority, and its language. Much other "unmodern-modern" art, including painting and sculpture, wins an uncritical public by its mixture of old modes and modern discontinuity.

Some of the explanations advanced for the too poetic nature of his poems are snubbed in these letters by Thomas himself. How many times are we reminded, he was Welsh, he was Celtic, he was bardic, he was *cupel l*

And how often in his letters he repudiates Wales and all Welshness—"dirty Wales", "my natural hatred of Wales", "the eternal ugliness of the Welsh people".

The more I see of Wales the more I think it's a land completely peopled by perverts. I don't exclude myself, who obtain a high and soulful pleasure from telling women old enough to be my mother why they dream of two-headed warthogs in a field of semen.

And directly of his writing:

The Welshness of my poetry: this is often being mentioned in reviews and criticisms and I've never understood it; I mean I've never understood this racial talk, "his Irish talent", "undoubtedly Scotch inspiration", apart from whiskey.

By literary descent and relationship, it is evident from these letters—but then it was evident before—that he was English. English was the language he wrote in, English—and incidentally with no marked Anglo-Welsh or Swansea intonation—was the language he spoke.

* * *

For some of his English peculiarities, how often, too, is an explicative Hopkins banged—by professors and assistant professors—like a drum in an echoing Saturday afternoon procession in New York! Hopkins, "the poet whom Thomas most resembled stylistically", according to Professor Moynihan of the University of Connecticut, in his *The Craft and Art of Dylan Thomas* (which might be marked beta query minus), is surely the poet Thomas least resembled in style, intention or performance (one need emphasize no more than Hopkins's naked and sharply indicative words, joined into a movement of new emphasis and effect, of new toughness, suppleness and articulation). The identification stems from the first callow and shallow book on Dylan Thomas, by the late Henry Treece. Treece warned him of a Hopkins chapter. Thomas replied that he would be interested to read the chapter, "because I have read him only in the most lackadaisical way". The chapter came. Thomas havered. "I never realised the influence he might have had on me." But still he could not, and would not, agree. He looked over his earliest poems—"There was and still is, to me, not a sign of Hopkins anywhere". "I see no Hopkins." "As I told you before, I have read him only slightly. I have read "—and the curtain, or one curtain, is momentarily drawn back—"far more Francis Thompson."

Years and years ago Francis Thompson and his "Ode to the Setting Sun" were suggested as the source of Thomas's softly agglutinated images. But that over-rhetorical poet lacks the academic or critical respectability of Hopkins as a source or a comparison; and it has been left to Thomas himself to point now to the influence which the academics have refused to see or refused to discuss. Also, in an earlier letter of 1933, Thomas is to be found approving of "the dark-eyed company" of Poe and Thompson, and advising a friend "to be a Thompson in prose". It matters. Dark-eyed Francis Thompson, yes: clear-eyed Hopkins, no. Hopkins was in no doubt of the immediacy of the divine, charging the world with the electricity of divine glory; Francis Thompson searched for the divine, groped for it, to make sense of himself. So, in his way, did Dylan Thomas. (A nice hypothetical point—how would Thomas have reacted to a Francis Thompson chapter? But his eulogists were spared.)

Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon says that while he has omitted most of the letters to Mr. Vernon Watkins, printed ten years ago, he has included nearly every letter by Thomas which bears directly on "his methods of composing poems, on his views concerning poetry in general and on his own poetic ambition"; which is sound. He also intends that these letters "should give so far as possible the flavour of the man, of his complex, enchanting, maddening and ultimately tragic personality"; which is less sound, but may be inevitable in our lust for entire biography. An editor who was not a novelist by profession might have attended less to making a novel of the letters than to heeding some recently translated words by George Seferis—that "there are two ways in which we examine the personal life of an artist: one is by means of anecdotes, surprises, jokes, medical reports; the other is by humbly trying to see how the poet incorporates his perishable life in his work". Mr. Seferis was writing of Cavafy. He declared that "Cavafy, apart from his poetry, has no great interest". While Dylan Thomas is the most pro-poetic (or over-poetic) of poets, in contrast to Cavafy, whom Seferis calls "the most anti-poetic (or a-poetic)" of poets, it is true that this poet as well, whatever the merit of his poems, is of little interest in little adult interest in himself.

* * *

Received enthusiasm, particularly among students and teachers in America (where, according to Mrs. Louise Murdy's *Sound and Sense in Dylan Thomas's Poetry*, more than 400,000 records have been bought of Thomas reading Thomas), may see in Dylan Thomas the hero-poet inimical to convention, but is not this to project the pro-poetry or over-poetry on to the personality, squalid, repellent, sentimental and sterile as it became? Such enthusiasm does not recognize that his opinions were unoriginal and sometimes nonsense arrived at *ex post facto* in justification of his practice.

Yet the perishable life, of the child in the light and the dark, and in his reading, and in Swansea, in the Gower, Llanstephan and Laugharne and the estuaries, which he did his best to incorporate in his poems, did have its resistant core. The letters, particularly after his twenty-third year, show other growths more and more encircling that core, constricting it, and tending to its dissipation and dismay. Fear punished him. "I'm not half as brave, dogmatic and collected in the company of Literary persons as I might have led you to believe", he had confessed to his young Miss Hansford Johnson in 1934, after his first incursions into London. "Thank God it's dark. Now I can't see the people outside." And after a while he seems deliberately to increase the area of comforting dark. If he moves into a supporting company of unselfish poets of his own literary generation, more or less, he rapidly moves out of that company into a literary sub-world, he rapidly finds less exacting friends—and correspondents—among the lie-abouts of writing, among elderly, faded or tarnished Bohemians, needing Brasso and short of brass, supported only by beer and bar and the idea that poems are carried around by storks, as if afraid of those intellectually and imaginatively more insistent contemporaries on whom he might have stropped and strengthened his abilities. Letters to such are missing—unless one includes the overrated letters to Mr. Vernon Watkins—because they were never written.

* * *

Yet in this company the undeluded person was—unfortunately, with less and less protest—Thomas himself. He was the Actor, he was the Reader—how ham the acting, how tiresomely over-poetic the reading on all those discs, in all those broadcasts; yet it was Thomas himself, his unseen, unexhibitionized self, castaway as he may have been from an earlier mode, who knew the facts. The enthusiasts may have fastened on the poesy of the act, on Genius, drunken, outspoken, lecherous, and at bay against the respectable, they may have glued their ears to the recorded and taped over-poetry of the reading, that gusher of words coated in warm maple-syrup to which Mrs. Murdy's book is a useful guide, yet it was Thomas who still kept his real search for kinship precariously inside him. (To Henry Treece, who had exclaimed with satisfaction that Thomas did not "lean over gates, seeking kinship with daffodils and sheep", he had replied that in fact seeking kinship "with everything, daffodils, sheep, shoehorns, saints, bees and uncles is exactly what I *do* do, I think, with all due lack of respect"), it was Thomas who described his reading in the funniest and most devastating way, in a letter to his American publisher headed more fatefully than he could have realized "October 13, 1949 (Thomas-hunting begins)," in which he says:

I've been asked by John Malcolm Brinnin—what's he like?—to read, grandly and solemnly, like a man with the Elgin Marbles in his mouth, poems to the Y.M. and Y.W.H.A. at New York. . . .

Many of the letters after 1937 are starred with such sparklers, such brief judgments translated into image, very entertainingly, "Empson over his teeth to stare cold throat at the matchery of his doom-treasure and so on. But many too many of them, as happens, terribly well, when a man is arrested in his curiosity to the heroin baby a sponge, and is excused, encouraged and sustained worship of the over-genius". Surviving friends were more sceptical, with out surprise but with regret, letters of sycophancy ing letters, and letters in betrays, for immediate ease desperate) interest, princip convictions which he shed them or so they believed, ing for that late Victoria in which he was poor which he shared, for c with that other Swansea Watkins); they will see again the deterioration whi ressed them, and whi parallel with the staggering mation of the "thin curly son" they knew, "curled old copy of the *Funeral* sneering at the worm", ic death-filled uncherub with eyes, who looked like a image or allegory of Drink boldo (see Arcimboldo's though he is made of your barrels and mugs, for a stra ness of the late Dylan, to the romanticized cherub by John or the more truthful changeling by his friend Janes, which are reproduced side in *A Garland for Dylan* a collection of many some predominantly insipid and tory poems on Thomas's dea his old friends, of an earl than the editor, may quest much the numerous letters belong to that perishable li indeed was incorporated in Too many, they may th irrelevancies.

* * *

And in other ways they m tion the editing; which is and inconsistent. The initial to each letter are sometimes tive (though the information be relied on), sometimes as if compiled in attacks of ence. By evidence in them letters are wrongly placed; placing one letter (page 159) months out of sequence and ing his second with his fir it is possible for his editor to Thomas of "a strangely ir falsehood" (not that he was lies, any more than the rest Names are misspelt or mere the trouble of looking them gazetteer ("Andera" for "Si "Glendormutle" for "Glent kille"); authors and their bo unidentified or confused, le of knowledge or a short dict British Museum Catalogue w mark "Come and live in the . . . and write books like Burke", the editor not "Thomas Burke was half-c and Hare" on whom Thom to collaborate in a film script he was the whole of the *Limehouse Nights*). It was for the violence of her tone mild) poetry that huge Mrs Wickham "was renowned" 182). Mr. Clifford Dyment ing reference, since there is in the letter, as printed, also Dyment—was never a cont to *New Verse* (page 159), whi not first appear "in the year 1933 (page 18). A request put to Mr. Rayner Heppenstall should "plug" the editor of *Verse* perhaps needed the explanation that the editor ha quarrelled with Thomas for ing his poor but generous lan of rent and lodging (the having been provided) and the magazine had just ceased Heppenstall's second book of ("At the period of this letter the introductory note, Mr. Ste stall "had not yet had a volume lished"). It continues so. Se are corrected. Letters are put the cuts are not always mention indicated, Abbreviations and ("Your sincerely, Dylan Ex go unexplained, in a way whic puzzle American readers as lar. How curious it is, you prising, that Dylan Thomas seems to rise and hit his exegetes—it's me again Dylan—with a number of a large chunk of the Gorge

ONE MORE LOSER IN VIETNAM

THICH NHAT HANH: *Vietnam: The Lotus in the Sea of Fire.* 128pp. SCM Press. 6s.

Thich Nhat Hanh is a Vietnamese scholar and a poet, a contemplative monk who has felt himself obliged to take an active part in his country's effort to escape destruction in the vicious power-struggle between capitalism and communism.

With these words Fr. Thomas Merton introduces the author of this anguished, beautiful, heart-rending little book. More than anything yet published in English, *The Lotus in the Sea of Fire* seems to speak with an authentic Vietnamese voice. Its words should be weighed by all who have responsibility for what is happening in Vietnam.

The book was written during a tour of America and western Europe which its author began in 1966. He went to America as a Buddhist scholar and emphatically not as a political expert. But he was prepared to talk about his country, its people and their sufferings, and to answer questions about the monks who were daring to defy the ruler of South Vietnam and his American protectors: these men, he said, were neither dupes of the Communists nor aspirants for political office.

This thought is in fact the starting point of the book. What is the motive of Buddhist protest? How can monks burn themselves to death? The answer lies in the nature of the Buddhist religion and in the unimaginable tragedy that has overtaken Vietnamese society. The material destruction which the Americans have inflicted on North Vietnam is as nothing when compared with the spiritual and moral disaster they have caused in the south:

After twenty years of war, Vietnamese society now approaches the ultimate in disintegration. The needless killing and dying that occur every day, the destruction of property, and the venal use of money to erode human values, have resulted in widespread doubt and frustration among the Vietnamese. Nearly everyone is a prey to venality, so that money seems able to purchase women, politicians, generals and intellectuals alike. In such a situation the peasants who constitute up to 90 per cent of the country's population turn for help to their religious leaders. They, then, in turn, are all forced to act; the Buddhist population may often be found complaining about their spiritual leaders' silence in the face of the nation's suffering.

In a word, the Buddhists had to protest, not in order to gain political influence, but in order not to forfeit the religious influence which is their trust.

The author goes on to consider the association of Buddhism with nationalist politics which is common to the colonial Buddhist countries of South-East Asia. First came the missionary, sent by the imperialist:

to teach the natives the Gospel of Peace. The natives kill the missionary: he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it; and takes the market as a reward from Heaven.

There was always a glimmer of truth in Shaw's mockery. French Catholic missionaries were in Vietnam, however, for some 200 years before persecution began to provide an excuse for political intervention. When it came persecution was bitter: because it was bitter the Catholics were particularly militant when they were at last secure, and particularly bitter against the Buddhists to whose influence they attributed their persecution. Because colonial government was identified with Catholicism and because the growing Catholic community tended to identify itself with the French, the Buddhists were associated with rising nationalism as they were in Ceylon and Burma. It was thus hardly surprising that when French rule was replaced in South Vietnam by the Catholic oppression of Ngo Dinh Diem, Buddhist protest was strong enough to remove him. Under his successors, as the war increased in intensity and terror, and lay opposition was persecuted into silence, "there was literally no one else who could speak for the war-weary people and their longing for peace".

What then does the war-weary peasant of Vietnam have to say? In the second half of his book Thich Nhat Hanh considers his attitude to Communism, to the United States and to the future. The Vietnamese Buddhist, he says, knows Communism for what it is and rejects it. But neither under the French nor since their departure has Communism been an issue for the peasant. It was as a beloved national leader and not as a Communist that Ho Chi Minh drove the French out of Vietnam, it was because of the hope they offered against the oppression of Diem that the Vietcong made their start, and it is to their leadership against the American foreigner that they owe their genuine appeal now. It is too much, he says, to ask the peasant to distinguish between the Americans and the French. Both are foreign, both are white giants compared with the tiny Vietnamese, both have oppressed the people. Whatever their intentions, by mere weight of numbers and by the sophistication of their war machines the Americans oppress them more. The Vietcong have the monopoly of anti-foreign protest now, just as the Viet Minh had it in 1945. Whatever the Americans do and Thich Nhat Hanh has his personal tales of "operational accidents" as shameful as any that has been reported in the press—they can only drive more and more of the peasants to accept Vietcong leadership. They are forcing even their friends to become their enemies.

The aim, of the United States are incomprehensible to the Vietnamese:

President Johnson has repeatedly said that the United States stays in Vietnam only in order to protect South Vietnam from the invasions from the north. The United States did not provoke the war, he says, and it at any time North Vietnam is willing to sit at the conference table to negotiate its end, the United States is willing. The people see that in order to force North Vietnam to the conference table, the United States has bombed North Vietnam, and has carried on the bombing since the end of 1964. And once again, the intention is not to attack or to provoke, but only to stop the transportation of weapons and troops to the south.

I do not know how the people of other countries think, but no Vietnamese peasant can understand these arguments. If the United States is determined to defeat the Vietcong in order to protect South Vietnam, why should it offer to negotiate? To accept negotiation is not to pursue the very objective that the United States has asserted. . . .

Even South Vietnamese people do not believe in the statements or sincerity of Washington: how then can the North Vietnamese be expected to believe them?

What, then, is to be done? Nobody could possibly believe that the Americans intend the natural consequences of their actions. Yet with every day that passes these consequences are more sure.

"If we withdraw, the Communists will take over. Would you like that?" American friends ask us. . . . An inability to answer that question means an unwillingness to accept the idea that there are only two alternatives: Communism or the continuation of the war. The Vietnamese who cannot answer the American friends' problem do not want either. They seek instead a third possibility, and it is this that the non-Communists of South Vietnam are trying to develop.

These people must be allowed to find a way to combine patriotism and peace. They do not want to be the victims of negotiations between the United States and the Communists; that is what happened in 1954. They must therefore be allowed to have an independent, representative government, committed to the search for peace. The very existence of such a government would reverse the drain of nationalist sentiment towards the Vietcong and cause the immediate defection from the National Liberation Front of those considerable elements whose membership merely marks their unwillingness to support the present war leaders. This government, chosen by elections or by agreement between the major religious bodies including the Catholics, would ask for a cease-fire, open negotiations with Hanoi and the National Liberation Front and arrange at the same time a gradual withdrawal of American forces.

The course proposed doubtless contains the risk of a Communist takeover. This, says the author, is an over-simplification. The object of Hanoi, from the very beginning, has been not so much to take over the south as to restore the normal economic relations with it which are essential to northern prosperity. The National Liberation Front is a nationalist body nurtured, it is true, and led by the Communists. But "the only possible way of really weakening Communist influence in Vietnam is to take away from the Communists the claim to be the only defenders of patriotism". It is impossible to read Thich Nhat Hanh's eloquent and moving book without being convinced of this; and the rest, as Stalky would have said, is flumdiddle.

BLEEDING HEARTS AND PAPER TIGERS

ROGER PELISSIER: *The Awakening of China.* Edited and translated by Martin Kieffer. 532pp. Secker and Warburg. £3 3s.

The presentation of history through eyewitness accounts is usually a most successful enterprise, and this addition to the "History in the Making" series is no exception. We begin with the western "barbarians" at the doors of China, with excerpts from the narratives of John Barrow, Henry Ellis, Father Huc and J. F. Davis of the East India Company. An American trader describes how cargoes of opium were got past the Chinese Government officials by bribes. We read parts of the diary of Commissioner Lin, who provoked the Opium War by his attempts to enforce the Chinese Emperor's prohibition of opium imports, and the subsequent partition and humiliation of China by the western powers and Japan is unfolded by the same method.

In these days of almost total incomprehension between the Chinese and the western world, it is helpful to recall not only the events of those days but also the impression which they made at the time. On the one hand we have Monsignor Guillemin's description of the horrible martyrdom of Father Chapdelaine in Kwangsi Province in 1856.

His heart was torn out of his chest and, still beating, was placed on a plate where it was closely and joyously examined by his barbarian and bloodthirsty torturers. Then they chopped it into pieces, fried it in a pan with pig's grease and ate it, hardly done, with the ferocity of wild beasts.

On the other hand M. Pelissier gives us fascinating glimpses of what followed the extraordinary decision by Lord Elgin in 1860 to burn down the exquisite Summer Palace of the Chinese Emperor in Peking—the book also includes vivid material on the T'ai Ping and Boxer Rebellions.

In the present century the story becomes a little more familiar as we begin to read the accounts and memoirs of people who are still living; Chiang Kai-shek, for example, and the stories of Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and other Communist leaders as told to the American journalist, Edgar Snow. M. Pelissier, who specializes in Far Eastern documentation at the Sorbonne, has made a good choice of materials. It is a great pity that the autobiography of Henry Pu Yi, the last Emperor of China, came too late to be included, because it conveys so much better than any other document the extraordinary futility of Manchu court life.

1949 is an obvious point at which to end such a book. The Communist period is so entirely different, and our sources of information so totally changed (and diminished), that the break suggests itself. But it has one disadvantage which may not have been anticipated. During the final stages of Kuomintang rule in China in the 1930s and 1940s, almost every visitor commented unfavourably on its record. The Communists, by contrast, had made an excellent impression on their visitors: they were incorrupt, sincere, modernistic and personally humble. If a person read M. Pelissier's collection without knowing anything of the subsequent history of the Mao Tse-tung Government, he would get a much more favourable picture of that Government than it really deserves in the light of its own shortcomings during the past eighteen years.

But this does not at all mar an excellent book, which is, incidentally, most interestingly illustrated with photographs and reproductions of old prints, including one of 1860 which shows the Chinese trying to frighten the attacking western troops by shaking *real* paper tigers from the ramparts of Peking.

One anecdote stands out, in view of the current bogy of Chinese irredentism. People nowadays affect anxiety because China in her old imperialist days claimed so much of neighbouring Asian territory, and has not formally abandoned these claims. It is instructive therefore to read the conversation which a British Baptist missionary, Mr. Richard, had in a village of Shantung Province in 1875. A man asked him in the street where he came from.

"I am from England.".

"England!" he exclaimed. "That is the country that rebelled against us" (referring to England's first war with China in 1837).

"She could never rebel", I said, "because she never belonged to China."

"But she did", he retorted. "Before that time she was one of the nations that paid tribute to China." (The presents brought by Lord Macartney and other embassies to China were recorded by Chinese historians as tribute from England.) "When England revolted, it was the greatest rebellion since the world began."

The missionary added his considered comment: "These words, which he spoke with great indignation, indicated exactly the attitude of the Chinese Government."

TRIBAL BALLOT BOX

The Papua-New Guinea Elections 1964. Edited by David G. Bettison, Colin A. Hughes, Paul W. van der Veur. 545pp. Canberra: The Australian National University. $A9.00.

Belaboured as we monthly are by the Committee of 24, we British (ex) Imperial jackals tend to forget that we are not the only Commonwealth partners with colonial spots. New Zealand has already found a near-end solution to her Trust Territory of Western Samoa and is now busily engaged in democratizing the Cook Islands. For Australia the task is greater still, the pressures yet more vociferously urgent and the problems daunting. Of all dependent territories Papua-New Guinea is far and away the most intractable. Size, isolation, backwardness, tribal and linguistic differences, the impact of a modern war, extreme difficulties of communication and a savage terrain, present challenges which are equalled only by the enthusiasm and devotion with which the Commonwealth Government are tackling them.

All but nothing is known in Europe of this great island neighbour of Australia. The occasional explorer's book comes out, hinting at tribes which had never yet set eyes upon a white man. And the press reports the occasional Indonesian incursion from West Irian. It is therefore something of a revelation to read this major analysis of a bold experiment—the first country-wide direct elections to a Territorial Legislature. They were conducted, as these studies show, in conditions of the utmost difficulty. No ideology underpinned the candidates. The urge for independence was barely visible. And no semblance of a party organization could be traced. "Big headedness" was the taunt which many local candidates were faced with. Sheer lack of comprehension about what it was all about was a major hazard facing the administration. Against this background, the various field workers employed on the project of analysing the elections have come up with some fascinating and telling data, and the editors have done a masterly job of compilation and analysis. If the cursory reader is tempted to conclude that this is an episode more worthy of attracting the interest of a Waugh, then he might in all fairness take note of the editor's conclusion:

If, as has been suggested, the election meant for most of the electorate the selection of a go-between to operate between the people and the executive government, rather than of a person to participate in the government, it may have been the first step towards inducing popular consent.

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

DEBATES IN ECONOMIC HISTORY
General Editor: Peter Mathias

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ARGUED FOR VICTORY

BARBARA WOOTTON: *In a World I Never Made.* 283pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.

The title of Baroness Wootton's "autobiographical reflections", as she calls them, is taken from a particularly melancholy poem by A. E. Housman. For one condemned to live in a world she never made, however, she might be thought to have had unusual success in moulding it nearer to her heart's desire. When she was born into an academic family at Cambridge seventy years ago, it would have seemed inconceivable that she should one day sit on the Woolsack as Deputy Chairman of the House of Lords; hardly less so that she should become a magistrate, a professor of sociology, an inveterate member of Royal Commissions, a peer of the realm.

Nevertheless, Baroness Wootton is far from satisfied. The first half of her book tells the story of her achievements, which have been remarkable by any standard. The second half consists of a series of reflections on the different aspects of her life, showing how far short of her own ideals those achievements have fallen. Her dissatisfaction is not essentially egotistical. There are, it is true, some respects in which she takes personal offence at being still treated as a second-class citizen. With regard to two of them—an odd combination of the status of women and the facilities available to members of Royal Commissions—she parades a catalogue of irritations which eventually comes to seem rather petulant. But her main concern is not for her *amour propre* but for the further reform of those aspects of our social organization with which her experience has brought her to close quarters. They include the magistrates' bench, both houses of Parliament, and the educational system.

Usually her arguments are presented with trenchant and well-reasoned logic. They often depart both from the old and the new conventions. In considering the expansion of higher education, she believes that the fetish of postgraduate research has been carried much too far. On the reform of secondary education, however, she shows a blind spot which is the more remarkable because she has not failed to detect the flaw in the current campaign for the abolition of selection at "eleven-plus". The flaw is that there never has been any statutory obligation to operate such a system, and therefore any local education authority which wished to abolish selection has been free to do so for the past twenty years. Why then have they not done so? Since not all authorities are dominated by benighted Tories, the answer can only be that most authorities preferred a selective system on educational grounds. By the same token, there is still no statutory power to compel them to "go comprehensive" if they choose to defy the adjurations of the present Secretary of State. But Baroness Wootton abandons the argument just at the point where it becomes interesting. For her, it has a foregone conclusion.

On most other topics of social and political interest, her views likewise cleave closely to those of the intellectual left. One has only to mention such topics as religion, marriage, sex, social class, race relations, war, corporal or capital punishment, to be able to predict her attitudes to them. The distinguishing feature of her arguments on all these topics is that she has a much superior power of reasoning and command of language than most of those who share her views. She "argues for victory", in Dr. Johnson's phrase; nor would she deny it—why should she? But fortunately the somewhat formidable impression of her brilliant mind is softened by many human touches. The account of each of her marriages commands deep sympathy for very different reasons. It is pleasant, too, to know that she once deliberately cheated, from the highest motives, in marking an examination. And the illustrations to her book, which include—apart from her second husband and herself—two donkeys and four views of her home, convey an atmosphere of domesticity which should put the most nervous reader at his ease.

WELSH LAND-RECLAIMER

ELISABETH BEAZLEY: *Madocks and the Wonder of Wales.* 276pp. Faber and Faber. 36s.

It is strange, considering the impact which he made upon the contemporary literary consciousness, that William Madocks, the North Wales land-reclamation man, should have had to wait so long for a full-length biography. His tracks are eminently visible in the odd drainage projects which so disappointingly crown the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*; they turn up again in Peacock's *Headlong Hall* and (probably) in the breached embankment of *The Misfortunes of Elphin*; and then there is the Shelley outfit's brief sojourn at Tan-yr-allt and the highly indignant letters that are to be found in Hogg's *Life*, in which the poet blackguards the Duke of Norfolk and the other Sussex gentry because of their obstinate refusal to contribute lavishly to Madocks's schemes.

Knowing thus, in a general sort of way, what it is all about, it is more than gratifying to have Miss Beazley come along to fill in the details for us. Her story is a far more remarkable one than we had suspected: Madocks, the son of a well-to-do Welsh lawyer, was an amazing creature. His land-reclamation schemes in the Traeth Mawr, the wide estuary which separates Caernarvonshire from Merioneth, started, at the turn of the eighteenth century, in a mildly reasonable fashion. He embanked a part of the estuary, and upon the land thus gained erected the modest residence of Tan-yr allt. As the years went by, however, his visions multiplied. He reclaimed more land and on it he built the model though scarcely necessary town of Tremadoc. He then planned a great embankment across the sea-mouth of the Traeth, which was completed with many jubilations in 1811. In the spring of 1812 it was washed away. Madocks (who was incidentally also M.P. for Boston in Lincolnshire and an associate of Sir Francis Burdett) was not the man to take such a setback lying down. Though he was by now hopelessly involved, he yet pressed on with his schemes, in which he was abetted valiantly by one even more remarkable than himself, his agent, John Williams, one-time gardener's boy, who, though without special training of any description, was in complete charge of all the multifarious constructions which successively took shape within his master's ingenious brain.

Miss Beazley has been fortunate in having available to her a great mass of unpublished correspondence touching upon these matters, and very fascinating reading it makes. Madocks forgot nothing, from the rats that ate the scenery in the Tremadoc theatre to the harpers that were required for the Easter celebrations, to the Pumps and the Miners and the Engines that were needed for the construction of his Weir; a long period, the hapless was bombarded by a constant of instruction and exhortation which he took with apparent and carried out to the best ability.

When the Shelleys arrived as temporary tenants of Tan the embankment had already breached. Shelley got on with Williams, and sat about with his office, making suggest was writing *Queen Mab* at as is attested by the follow acteristically optimistic therein:

It has come under the author's ence, that some of the workm embankment in North Wales consequence of the inability prietor to pay them, seldom more wages, have supported large cultivating small spots of sterile by moonlight.

As we know, the mysterious assassination attempt follow the Shelleys hastily retired t One of the interesting points out by Miss Beazley's book is "Mr. Luson" mentioned account of the matter was the Hon. Robert Leeson, Earl of Milltown, an Irish terian landowner. Who more than he to take grave exc the proximity of the author *Address to the Irish People*

CORNISH ENGINEERS

EDMUND VALE: *The Harveys of Hayle.* 356pp. Truro: D. Bradford Barton. £2 10s.

In the eighteenth century Cornwall was, thanks to the development of mining, one of the most progressive industrial areas in this country and the home of a very active technological community. Today only one or two mines, a technical college and some specialist firms survive—apart, of course, from derelict engine houses and abandoned workings—to remind us of what was once a great industry. Now Mr. Edmund Vale has written an account of one of the few commercial enterprises that have endured.

The firm began in 1779 when John Harvey, a blacksmith, set up the first iron foundry in the county, specifically to supply iron pipes to the mines. In spite of the sustained and sometimes violent hostility of the Cornish Copper Company the Harvey enterprise developed to become in time a leading manufacturer of mine pumping engines. The difficulties of importing coal and pig-iron were surmounted with a little self-help when they became shipowners; shipping gave rise, in turn, to a diverse import trade in timber, slate, oil and many other commodities: on the other hand the foundry soon discovered additional outlets in the markets for agricultural machinery, stoves, grates and even cannon-balls. They became shipbuilders and for a time ran a farm.

John Harvey's greatest assets, however, were his children: particularly Henry Harvey, his successor, and his daughters who married William West and Richard Trevithick. Indeed, it is the light cast on the technological community, its activities and mutual relations, that makes this book of interest and value. Mr. Vale has judiciously supplemented the records of the firm with the writings of Francis Trevithick, Davies Gilbert and William Pole; accordingly there are excellent accounts of the achievements of Richard Trevithick, Arthur Woolf, Davies Gilbert, Samuel Grose and many other Cornish engineers. Undoubtedly this loose-knit fraternity of technologists, some of them men of the very highest abilities, provided an ideal stimulus for Harveys. The results were impressive enough so far as that firm was concerned. In 1833 they constructed the famous Fowey Consols engine, whose efficiency, confirmed by the *Historical Statement* of the brothers Lean, was far superior to that of any other engine. (In fact it was noted by William Thomson—later Lord Kelvin—in one of his classical papers on thermodynamics, just as Sadi Carnot himself had noted the excellent performance of Woolf's Wheal Abraham engine. The firm's achievements therefore had an impact even on the development of science.) Later they went on to demonstrate their technical virtuosity by their major contributions to the Cruquius and Leighwater engines (1843-49), the largest in the world, and the construction of the Severn Tunnel pumping engines (1885-86).

The record then was magnificent; in duration and achievement it surpasses that of the much praised Soho Foundry of Boulton and Watt. It is therefore disappointing that we cannot learn more about how it was all done. The generations of Harveys remain shadowy figures: their motives and ambitions are hidden, their political and social views, even their religious affiliations, are hardly touched on. How did the firm survive? How was the heterogeneous empire held together? How did they manage to keep up to date with new ideas? How did they recruit and train skilled labour? These and other problems relating to management and commercial policy are not really answered by invoking the moral courage and good sense of the different generations of Harveys. In short, Mr. Vale's history of this most interesting firm leaves scope for further discussion and, perhaps, for fruitful comparison with other engine-making concerns of the period. When mining declined in Cornwall the technologists deserted the county for more prosperous places, in this country and overseas. With the collapse of the parent industry and the de the technological community line of Hayle Foundry was inevitable, even without the tunes the company suffered South African export marke closing years of the nineteen tury. Yet the essential sou Hayveys is indicated by the they are still active today at

Technical details, four the sole "control" his artful necro but not very satisfactory pattern gous colouring. The action is cyclic book. Thus when Mr. Vale's it opens with a bitter dawn that of Newcomen atmospheric tetizes Daniel by the throat (he is in the eighteenth century stu cruetely asthmatic) and leaves him that "the source of their observed to be heat", he be extreme pain, waiting for the doctor her of very important and which his mind remains as opaque how, for example, are we to the word "energy" in this case Again, it is surely misleading redeemably self-concerned, is that Watt's condensing engine pathetic, not sympathetic. Like the driven by "the weight of verish Ancient Mariner's, his tale and not by steam?" fascinates—but it carries no blessing. John Brunton's quoted as one of one of Trevithick's improvements to the steam said to have been patented does not seem to accord specification of the only engine took out in that year (Feb and is, in fact, in flat contra to the second law of dynamics.

CRYING SHAME

E. ROYSTON PIKE: *Human Documents of the Industrial Revolution in Britain.* 368pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 12s. 6d.

Mr. E. Royston Pike is a modern encyclopedist: he has written an *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Religions* and has edited an *Encyclopaedia of Modern Knowledge* (as well as *Wonders of the Past*). The publisher's blurb pulls out nearly all the stops:

> the general reader . . . will be astounded, horrified, disgusted . . . but also enthralled by the revelations constituting what may be described as "the Industrial Revolution in the raw".

Mr. Pike, in his introduction, pulls out whatever stops remain: "here is the rich red meat of human experience . . ."

The book is in fact a 360-page documentary compilation of extracts from the more familiar sources describing working conditions, child labour, &c., in the Industrial Revolution. Most of this is taken from five or six of the most widely-discussed of the parliamentary inquiries (Peel's Committee, 1816, Sadler's Committee, the Factory Commission, 1833, the Children's Employment Commission (Mines), 1842, and so on). Most of the rest comes from the pages of Ure, Cooke Taylor, Gaskell, Fielden, and a few others. From Mr. Piko's tone one would suppose that he had been digging with his fingernails for years at an unknown Mesopo for a hundred years and more rested in the obscurity of archives—in some cases the pages uncut . . .

When all this puffery is flushed out of the system covers, with some surprising tion of documents of use to students. There is midable body of writing sional economic history students of the dangers of ing about (or sentimentalis such questions as child labour, the actual documentary not readily available in child labour material here ful: less useful (because still suggestive will be found women's work and sexual Mr. Pike chose wisely when cluded one of Richard Cobden important articles on

As one reads on through the one becomes impressed with creasing sense of dislocation the mind which selected and and the author who wrote it duction and gave to the dubbings: "Dragged Naked Their Beds", "What Jonas Vicar", "Why Mrs. Cried". Is it possible that ghostly, and unacknowledged search worker of the book?

Fiction

BURNED OUT

IAN WOLKERS: *A Rose of Flesh.* Translated from the Dutch by John Scott. 157pp. Secker and Warburg. 21s.

A little girl of two is fatally scalded in the bathroom while her parents are quarrelling downstairs. Her death precipitates the parents' separation and her father, Daniel, who takes the blame entirely upon himself, enters a stagnant death-in-life. Unrelieved by faith this has been discredited by could Calvinistic upbringing—and yet unable to see how his sin might be resolved, he becomes obsessed first with his guilt and then with death itself. *A Rose of Flesh* is the extremely painful narrative of a day in the hell of this man's claustrophobic consciousness.

This is a literary case-book: the art consists in the vehicle of the feeling—Daniel's sensitive and penetrating consciousness is sharply and convincingly conveyed rather than in its rendering. Daniel's governing emotion is self-pity. His feeling towards those nearest him has itself been scalded, cauterized: his inability to share his personal tragedy has widened the gap between him and his wife, parents, friends; his mistress, a nurse in a geriatric ward, is kept outside the action, but a pathetic friend stands in for her on the night described and proves to be Daniel's female counterpart: she flushed her aborted child away down the lavatory. Daniel's feelings extend freely only to dumb animals (though as a bitter Last Supper he serves up to the nurse a fry of new-born mice symbolically nourished upon his own bloody handkerchiefs), and, mawkishly, to his son Sebastian and to death-fated humanity at large, which he views as "coloured slides of human sadness".

Daniel's obsession with sickness and death is painstakingly insisted; hardly a page passes but he broods over some evidence or image of them, conscious only of the worm at the heart of the rose. The feeling is quite raw, but the writing is quite powerful: it opens with a bitter dawn that seizes Daniel by the throat (he is acutely asthmatic) and leaves him about twenty-four hours later in extreme pain, waiting for the doctor and, beyond, for a deeper relief which his mind remains as opaque as the chill morning mist. Daniel, is pathetic, not sympathetic. Like the Ancient Mariner's, his tale fascinates—but it carries no blessing.

A Rose of Flesh, which marks Jan Wolkers's debut in English, has been translated readably, if not always accurately: the chief loss is that his humorous observation seldom comes across with its original sharpness. This humorous side largely explains why he is a best-selling Dutch writer—though not necessarily where this book is concerned: the English reader's verdict may well wait upon further translations.

SAN. FRAN.

J. W. NASH: *The Spencer Problem.* 252pp. Michael Joseph. 25s.

To the European who sees America as the land of democratic equality, at least where the whites are concerned, the importance of certain families in certain places, the existence of a private network of snobbery, the pull of the private school and the superior golf-club, come as a shock. This first novel describes in their domestic ease some wealthy and prominent citizens of Portal, a lightly veiled San Francisco.

Evadne Kerr (*née* Spencer) married out of her class a talented artist. We and her a widow at thirty-four, dedicated to his memory with an outdated ferocity. Her past and present are sometimes described directly and sometimes through the eyes of the people in her life—her father, her dead husband, his buddy, the pastor who married them, and so on. Unlike some narrative devices the changes in the reader's viewpoint here give real advantages. An insight is possible not only into Evadne's perverse widowhood but also into the community which shaped her. The outcome is conventional but Mr. Nash moulds his material well and there is interest in being reminded that not all San Franciscans, not all the artists even, live a rootless existence in a junky's pad.

AGAINST THE PRIX

EDMONDE CHARLES-ROUX: *Oublier Palerme.* 324pp. Paris: Grasset. 17.50 fr.

IRÈNE MONÉSI: *Nature morte devant la fenêtre.* 256pp. Paris: Mercure de France. 18 fr.

How did *Oublier Palerme* ever come to have the 1966 Prix Goncourt pinned to its dust-jacket? Goncourt winners are seldom very significant but they are usually more devious and professional than this naïve exercise in praise of bloodshed. The great enemy in *Oublier Palerme* is what Latins see as the American Way of Life, and the book may well have been timed to go off like a bomb behind the retreating Americans of Nato, telling them to be gone and to take their *supermarchés* with them.

What Mme. Charles-Roux has done is to pick up the Old World, in this case the visceral and feudal island of Sicily, and hurl it at the blue-rinsed head of the New. The unattractive result is a head-on collision of stereotypes, a clash between the worlds of tragic opera and soap opera. The two worlds are often juxtaposed, both crudely and unfairly. An encounter with a New York matron, whose only defences against aging are cosmetic ones, reminds the narratress, an Italian who has joined a New York fashion magazine as if it were the Foreign Legion, in order to "forget", of the dignity of a Sicilian grandmother, ancient and serene.

None of the indigenous Americans of *Oublier Palerme*, as opposed to the immigrants, has any sort of substance at all, and if Mme. Charles-Roux seems to do better in Sicily, whither the novel is constantly travelling, it may simply be because this scene is less familiar to us. At the centre of the novel is a man in whom the two worlds meet, Carmine Bellavia, a first-generation New Yorker and apparently perfectly absorbed by his environment. Yet when he appears at a drunken and undignified publicity party he at once strikes an alien note, possessing as he does the mystic virtue of inner strength. Carmine marries Babs, a preposterously sceptic journalist, and together they set off on their honeymoon—to Sicily, where the husband is eventually shot down by the police, in a welter of blood and jasmine petals, having been involved in a quarrel with a young flower-seller. What is sinister about this little melodrama of course is that we are asked to accept it as introducing a new dimension of honour and tragedy into a world where air-conditioning might otherwise be all. Mme. Charles-Roux is the daughter of a French ambassador to Italy, and has worked for *Vogue* in New York; she can write with real life and colour when the moment comes, but the scheme of her first novel suggests that her travelling has only confirmed her prejudices.

Nature morte devant la fenêtre is a much more stimulating book which won a humbler prize—the Prix Fémina. Here again the actual structure of the novel hardly bears analysis. It is narrated by an English au pair girl, who remains almost wholly irrelevant to the action and who therefore has to be told everything by the various actors some time after it has happened; there seems no real reason why the novelist should not have chosen simple omniscience. On the other hand we have good cause to be thankful that the girl, Mary Knight, *is* such a nonentity, because she is the guardian of the novel's moral, and the less we hear of that the better. Miss Knight's message is that happy families are a good and natural thing: hence, no doubt, the Prix Fémina.

Nature morte devant la fenêtre enables us to see much of the time to ignore this prim voice of normality, and to study the relationships of a very unnatural family indeed, the Jarretts. Although these relationships may derive their original debilitation from the norms they simply invert they often take on a striking integrity of their own. The villain of the story is Alby, the mother, who prefers her cats to her children. She acts as if she had once been frightened by an Existentialist, for she clings furiously to her *néant*, rejecting the *être* of Motherhood or Family. Her own refusal to define herself and thus, in the terms of this novel, to grow up, means that her husband, too, is left without a role. The two children are thus early set adrift on some very Sartrian seas. The boy, Régis, is never presented very roundly, but his sister, Agathe, becomes the last focus of the novel. Having first asked her father to give her a child she then gets married, has a child and deserts it, doomed like her brother to be forever excluded from the bourgeois virtues.

The simple-minded determinism of the plot of *Nature morte devant la fenêtre* sometimes takes it close to absurdity: the book never interlocks very well with the normal world of work and money—Alby for example, who cannot speak a word of English, finally manages to get a job in Norfolk, looking after horses. Yet it is chillingly effective at times as it creeps about the Jarretts' flat, peering into the mists of perversity to discern the movements of several bruised souls.

MESSIAH THAN THOU

ELIE WIESEL: *The Gates of the Forest.* Translated by Frances Frenaye. 225pp. Heinemann. 25s.

After being saved from deportation to a death-camp through the self-sacrifice of a Messiah-like figure, Gregor sails on through a dark wonderland of allegory. Harboured in a Balkan village by his old nurse, he is subjected to pantomime outrages. A sympathizer rescues him and he is accepted by the partisans in the forest. Here too the Nazis and their servile camp-followers are active. Death strikes at his deliverers, leaving him safe yet haunted by a sense of guilt, a sense of having been party to a betrayal. Yet at the end, reclaimed in the postwar world, he is brought to see that a sense of communal guilt may serve a purpose—"It is better to sleep on the trodden ground, if the ground is real".

M. Wiesel, a Hungarian Jew who suffered in Auschwitz and who began his writing career in Paris after the war, seeks here to offer a residual purpose, a reasonable significance to life when that life, for the symbolic Jew Gregor who has survived the horrors of long martyrdom (represented by the years between 1933 and 1945), has been turned, by the insane cruelty of events, into a sordid mockery of all that life ought to stand for.

The allegory develops at times a certain power and compulsiveness, but on the whole it is too turgid. M. Wiesel's prose booms like a bittern: "Night withdraws, dawn advances and that is the moment of choice." This is the tone that is maintained throughout—rapt, enigmatic, full of dubious profundity. Did the Messiah-like figure, Gregor's first saviour, ever really exist? "Gregor", says M. Wiesel somewhere close to the end, "was no longer sure of anything." The reader who gets so far will share this uncertainty.

SLUMMING

EDWARD COYNE: *Shadows Like.* 239pp. André Deutsch. 25s.

Shadows Like aims to portray the process by which Peter, born and bred in a London slum area, is driven to crime. The evils which surround the boy are stereotyped: an uninspiring school followed by an even less inspiring job; pub and television-centred parents and friends who only use him for their own ends. Boredom predominates and is relieved only by a few high spots of sex and violence. The story could have been taken from the juvenile delinquent files of any social worker, and Edward Coyne fails to give it any distinctive touch.

An elaborate situation of violence, sex, unrequited love, all intensified by financial difficulties, is contrived in an attempt to stress the loneliness of the Old Kent Road runner. There are fleeting vivid glimpses of slum life but the social worker touch prevails.

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MACMILLAN

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT THURSDAY MARCH 2 1967

INTERVENTIONS

W. M. FROHOCK: *Style and Temper*. Studies in French Fiction, 1925-1960. 153pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 30s.

Professor Frohock's book has brought together and amplified a number of essays which first appeared in specialized magazines. The novelists he deals with go from Gide to Butor, and to the individual studies he has added an introduction and a brief conclusion. In general Professor Frohock stands out as a critical nominalist, and one who refuses any simple equation between form and style. Style, being at the service of subjective feeling, is here taken to represent the intervention of the novelist. In his careful analyses of some of the more enduring French writers of the 1920s and 1930s—Gide, Montherlant, Bernanos, Saint-Exupéry Mulraux, Giono, Céline, Sartre and Camus—he is naturally not content merely to record the evidence of intervention, but also to characterize it, ironic in Gide, theological in Bernanos, and so on. Professor Frohock also makes the valuable point that the need for the novelist to intervene has become more and more pressing since the adoption of a narrator for whom any form of fine writing must be taboo. Hence those moments of elevated prose which are frequently referred to these days as "epiphanies", and which are seen in this book as constituting the "poetic" element of the novels in question.

Professor Frohock's book is both intense and austere, even if it may arouse impatience when he sets off on safari after a promising herd of images and returns with a lengthy enumeration of the "bag", instead of a total we can take on trust. But it does also raise one doubt: the word "intervention" is of course a metaphor, since if we took it literally it would imply that the rest of a novel were somehow autonomous of the writer. Professor Frohock wraps himself confidently in the traditional view that it is the image which betrays the man, and that whatever is objective and of common reference is therefore less significant. This is fair enough until he moves on to the present, and the *nouveau roman*, where he detects no evidence of intervention or of "poetry". But one of the lessons of the *nouveau roman* surely is that books can deal only with images and never with things, and that every image has some subjective significance. M. Butor and M. Robbe-Grillet write supposing that essentialism is dead, and that our private worlds are far less readily communicable than we suppose. This being so their novels may be seen as perpetual "intervention", but one so generalized that it is epistemological rather than stylistic.

ANTI-BOURGEOIS

JEAN V. ALTER: *Les Origines de la satire anti-bourgeoise en France. Moyen Age—XVI siècle*. 231pp. Geneva: Droz.

The history of anti-bourgeois feeling, and its reflection in literature, is, not surprisingly, coterminous with the emergence of an identifiable bourgeois class. Sometimes economic, sometimes social, rarely political in origin, this sort of satire goes back to the Middle Ages, and varies with the preoccupations of each age and the prejudices of the literate public.

This study takes the story up to the end of the sixteenth century, and is to be followed by another extending to the Revolution. M. Alter proposes useful categories for his inquiry (merchants, tradesmen, bankers and so on) and successfully gives the broad lines of social and economic history for his period, showing notably how the rise of the *grande bourgeoisie* and the *noblesse de robe* affected social and literary attitudes. Where his book is disappointing is in the vagueness of his sample; he has obviously read a lot of books, and quotes from a fairly large number, but as we are never told his yardstick, the frequent statement that this or that becomes more or less common in the course of time sounds like guesswork, however inspired. For example, sermons hardly figure in his text or bibliography, though they were a major source of social satire, while on the other hand most of the criticism of bourgeois behaviour quoted from Henri Estienne is in fact drawn (as Estienne tells us) from recent sermons; nor is it helpful to be given a list of sixteenth-century *conteurs* with *passim* after each, when the nature and scope of the satire is in fact very varied. The treatment of Rabelais is particularly unsatisfactory. A more systematic approach (or at least a more explicit one) may appear in the next volume, but on present showing M. Alter falls short of his mark.

Olschki of Florence announce a Xerographic reprint of Giuseppe Fumagalli's *Lexicon typographicum Italiae* at 20,000 lire. The reprint is edited by Dr. Clementina Rotondi, and includes subsequent supplements and corrections, together with a rearranged index.

CREATING AWARENESS

and entertaining at the same time is an ability not given to every novelist. Marguerite Duras in *The Sailor from Gibraltar* (35s.) does both as she sensitively demonstrates that in not finding what we want we develop a special self-awareness. Paul Ritchie's first novel *The Protagonist* (30s.) has received the kind of reviews that herald the arrival of an important new talent. His work is very typical of the new school of British writing, astringent, original, exploring humanity in a daring new way. Anthony Storey's first novel *Jesus Iscariot* (30s.) is a searing, controversial and violent skin-game between two brothers that draws on all the author's experience as a psychiatrist.

ROBERT PINGET

is a well-known name in France. His third novel to appear here, *Mahu* (24s.), is a sensitive and very funny exploration of the human condition in prose of high distinction. Tibor Dery's *The Portuguese Princess* (30s.) has had brilliant reviews and was chosen as *The Guardian's* "Book of the Month" for February. His delicate, compassionate stories are of universal relevance.

CONCENTRATION CAMPS

are central to two new books. Peter Weiss's *The Investigation* (35s.) is a long play based on the Auschwitz trials, and *A Tale of One January* (30s.) by Albert Maltz, which examines the relationships among a mixed group of prisoners escaping from Auschwitz during the last days of the war, is a haunting novel that creates a strange beauty in the middle of horror. New Calderbook Paperbacks include *Berg* by Ann Quin, *The Island* by Robert Cresley, *The Golden Fruits* and *Tropisms* (with *The Age of Suspicion*) both by Nathalie Sarraute (all 15s.) and George Fritt's famous novel of Glasgow youth, *The Boy Who Wanted Peace* (16s.). The complete *John Christopher* by Romain Rolland is now in Jupiter Books at only 40s. for the four volumes.

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CARROLL IN FRANCE

LEWIS CARROLL: *Logique sans peine*. Traduction et Présentation de Jean Gattégno et Ernst. Illustrations de Max Ernst. 230pp. Paris: Hermann. 15 fr.

One, undoubtedly irrelevant, though possibly Carrollian, result of this book is an addition to the usually significant and always fascinating list of English words that have no proper translation in French, and vice-versa. A "teetotaller" has to become a "membre d'une ligue anti-alcoolique"! Are there so few teetotallers in France, then? What does M. Mendès-France call himself? He could, it is true, call himself a *néphaliste*. But so, one discovers, could a like-minded Englishman call himself a *nephalist*. . . .

Carroll's teetotaller appears in his last book, *Symbolic Logic*, which is now for the first time, with three other of his short logical jeux d'esprit, translated into French as *Logique sans peine*. It was only comparatively recently that Carroll became popular in France, although *Alice (in Wonderland)* was translated in 1869, only four years after her English debut. It was not a very good translation: it solved the real difficulties simply by omitting them, and nearly thirty years later was still only in its second thousand. But it would be harsh to blame it for the fact that France, in the last century, was not yet ready to appreciate Carroll. According to Henri Parisot, one of his most respected present translators and the author of the excellent little Seghers book on Carroll, after 1869 the next Carrollian event of any significance did not occur until 1929, with Aragon's translation of *The Hunting of the Snark*.

1929—Aragon—Surrealism! The Surrealists accepted Carroll as one of them, with an amusing disregard for the pathological "purity" of his own artistic tastes, and Breton called him "le premier maître d'école buissonnière". (Even so, *Alice Through the Looking Glass* was not translated until 1947.) On Christmas Day last year, though, a ten-hour programme on Carroll was broadcast on the French radio, composed by that eminent specialist, Jacques Brunius. Two of the speakers in this consistently interesting marathon, which was graced by very many of today's French literary pleiad, were Jean Gattégno and Ernest Connet, who have translated and presented *Logique sans peine*.

Symbolic Logic appeared in 1896. Popular at first, it has not been reprinted here since 1897, but the Americans have made up for our recent apparent lack of interest in Carroll the logician. Eric T. Bell expressed the opinion that "as a mathematical logician he was far ahead of his British contemporaries", and Dover reissued *Symbolic Logic* in 1958—even though William Weaver had qualified it as "amusing", though "neither technically original nor profound". But Carroll did not claim originality or profundity. He was probably one of the first to use the word "popularize", and his main claim for *Symbolic Logic* was as a "Fascinating Mental Recreation for the Young". There was sufficient profundity, though, in his "A Logical Paradox", and "What the Tortoise said to Achilles" (both of which are included in *Logique sans peine*), for them to be originally published in *Mind*, and for the young Bertrand Russell subsequently to find them worth mentioning in his *Principles of Mathematics*.

Logique sans peine, like all the Hermann books in the same collection, is obviously intended to be a serious, and perhaps beautiful, piece of book design. In this it is magically helped by Max Ernst, who had already illustrated Parisot's translation of the *Snark* in 1950. The most genial part of Max Ernst's contribution to the book is that he has in no way "illustrated" it: he has distributed throughout a set of essays in Jamaican folk history. pages of biological structures. Almost all the stories are in some rical and optical diagrams way legendary, yet have some basis little men in knee-breeches fact. Mr. Black has performed the balanced ostriches, all difficult task of exploring the facmad and convincing tual content of these tales with admiractual layout of the text able scholastic diligence and without not so satisfactory. In fact, tently damaging the fascinating away from Carroll's text book of fable with which time has style, the publishers have covered them. The stories all relate to chapter and paragraph one unusual incident or character in well as adopting the in- eighteenth-century Jamaica, but in confusing habit (continued most of the tales Mr. Black reinseries) of not indenting forces our interest on a more mature book does look good, vel by carrying us along with him not easy to work from, his historical detection of the miseit is unlikely to be used by ing factual links.

The best examples of these are the present-day logic, it remains search for the identity of the "Mad people who like mental gym- master of Edinburgh Castle"; and nasts. for that of the mysterious Reverend The translation is good Francis Smith, the tragic incidents of and reads well, but it is not whose real life gave rise to the leg-Connet and M. Gattégno end that formed the basis of Hawon Carroll would lead one horne's *The Scarlet Letter*. The tale The book contains a of "Three-Fingered Jack" is a little inexcusable errors, disappointing, but this is hardly Mr. things very tough on the Black's fault. Jack, the slave rebel, is ever much she may have worked her like sugar, says Carroll, slaves to death or tortured them for outlaw, and it is disappointing to find her own sadistic pleasures, when it gale drinks wine, therefore that he never bloomed into a full-ingale dislikes sugar. blooded Jamaican Robin Hood. lators, possibly unnerved surely an outlaw of such proved gal-thought of a teetotaller, lantry to women deserves promotion him on his head and turn to heroic status. After all, Jack lived proposition into: "Anne x respectable hundred years before d'une ligue anti-alcoolique. Billy the Kid. And if the American-leaving the second proposition do it why cannot independent stands and drawing the Jamaicans?

However, for sheer delight, guaran-sion.

Another slip appears in "Logical Paradox". "Mr. Brown is *out*", has become Aristide est absent, présent". "No *x* are *y*" become "Tous les *x* sont *y*" and on the same page is printed for *sophismes*. Provided an errata slip, though, *Logique sans peine* would be a valuable adjunct book to own.

BRETON IN WONDERLAND

ANDRÉ BRETON: *Anthologie de l'humour noir*. 592pp. Paris: Pauvert. 29.30 fr.

"I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it", stated Corporal Nym; to which William Geddie retorted some 350 years later, with the acerbity which characterizes his re-edition of Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary, that the word humour "in Corporal Nym's vocabulary [indicates] a word of any meaning, down to no meaning at all". Still, Nym's concept of humour as a pricking of guts has merit. Breton's approach to the subject is more diffuse, as befits the brilliantly unconventional mind which conjured up as a theoretical basis for his Surrealist revolution an extraordinary amalgam of Marxism, Freudian psychoanalytic theory and a sort of Manichaean gnosticism. The sociologist Jules Monnerot, one of Surrealism's most sympathetic commentators, has emphasized cogently the complexity of Surrealism's intellectual position:

> The surrealists claim kinship simultaneously with Gérard de Nerval and Marx, the Marquis de Sade and courtly love, Feuerbach and Huysmans, Robespierre and clairvoyance, dream and psychoanalysis, Hegel and the *boulingots*, romantic agony and the Illuminati, Lenin and the Gothic novel. (*La Poésie moderne et le sacré*.)

When approaching Breton's theoretical writings one does well to bear in mind this "ecumenical generosity" if one is to appreciate fully the splendour of this great polemicist's rich prose (a literary style which his epigones reduce to mere paralogism and logomachy in their efforts at imitation). Breton's definition of *humour noir* resides basically in a borrowing of Hegel's theory of "objective humour" (a synthesis of the two egocentric aspects of romantic art, the concentration on nature in its accidental forms on the one hand, and the concentration on quirks of the personality on the other) allied to an adoption of Freud's theory of humour as the paradoxical triumph of the pleasure principle over reality under unfavourable conditions, labelled "objective chance" by Breton (and exploited brilliantly, during his heyday, by Salvador Dalí, under the banner of "paranoiac-critical activity").

Breton achieves only moderate success in the use of such ponderous theoretical apparatus to justify, in the individual prefaces which introduce each author, the reasons for his choice. Beneath all the verbiage lies a fairly clear outline of an idea of the nature of *humour noir*: on a personal level it is a legitimate defence against the tragedy of *la condition humaine*, on a social level it is an essentially *scandalous* protest against the intolerable concept of an "ordered" world explained by science and activated by technology. In these terms, Breton's prefaces to the texts he includes by Swift, Lichtenberg, de Quincey, Grubbe, Poe, Baudelaire, Lautréamont and Synge are satisfactory. He is less persuasive in his reasoning for the inclusion of the Marquis de Sade (surely the most woodenly humourless novelist of all time), and, at the opposite pole, of Lewis Carroll, whose complex, gentle humour hardly fits him for the present company. And the author's plodding attempt to explain Alfred Jarry's Père Ubu in terms of Freudian analysis is doomed to failure: it would have been more fruitful to make use of Jarry's Science of Pataphysics (the "science of imaginary solutions") to explain Freud.

The choice of some of the texts is merely capricious: Nietzsche's letter from his final period of hopeless insanity has no place here; but nor, on the other hand, does O. Henry's good-natured fable. Still, it is good to reread Jean-Pierre Brisset's obsessive manipulations of the French language and to be reminded once more of Raymond Roussel's strange genius (though Breton might perhaps have drawn the reader's attention to the fact that Jean Ferry, whose story "Le Tigre mondain" is included in this anthology, is also the author of the most important study of Roussel yet published, *Une Étude sur Raymond Roussel*).

Breton claims in the prefatory note to this 1966 re-edition that it is a revised and corrected version of the previous edition. It is nothing of the sort: indeed, the author's preface is incorrect even in the dates he gives for the original publication of his book (1940, not 1939) and that of the revised edition (1950, not 1947). The only change for the good that a diligent comparison can discover is that at last the name of Jacques Rigaut is correctly spelled (though the misspelling "Rigaud" still remains on page 184). For the rest, Breton stubbornly to his convictions. Jarry died in 1906 rather than 1907, and in fact all the chronology of the 1930s is simply carried over.

Most of the bibliographies book were already inaccurate in 1950 and no attempt has been made to bring them up to date. The curious exception of one or two titles published in 1963, added to the bibliography of Salvador Dalí, and misprints from the previous edition are faithfully reproduced; the addition of a few extra titles means there are some obsolescent which might well have been pruned even from the 1950 edition; the unfounded suggestion that a free adaptation of Gide's *Scherz, Satire, Ironie et Tiefere Bedeutung* is partially due to one of his editor (Pascal Pia). Breton refers the reader to an essay of his which "Position surréaliste de l'objet" title is in fact "Situation de l'objet".

To end this boorish list of complaints, a final one about the illustrations. In contrast to the first Lautréamont edition, the photographic authors are here abominably positioned: with fiendish ingenuity the present publisher has managed to ensure that almost every illustration finds itself hardwicked on the page opposite pages of text written by another than the one represented, the blame should be attached to the author, who was in ill health during the whole period that the edition was being prepared, the editor who supervised the publication of this volume should be thoroughly ashamed of himself.

As their new year offering Verlag of Munich have produced most elegantly produced book German Baroque literature (*Barock-haft Deutsche Barock-Literatur*) their *Nachrichten*). Illustrated with woodcuts, engravings and devices, and accompanied by black-and-silver woodcut by Grieshaber. The book is priced at D.M. 5, and signed and hand-pulls of the woodcuts D.M. 200.

JAMAICAN PUNCH

CLINTON V. BLACK: *Tales of Old Jamaica*. 127pp. Collins. 21s.

Tales of Old Jamaica is a compilation of essays in Jamaican folk history. Almost all the stories are in some way legendary, yet have some basis in fact. Mr. Black has performed the difficult task of exploring the factual content of these tales with admirable scholastic diligence and without unduly damaging the fascinating book of fable with which time has covered them. The stories all relate to some unusual incident or character in eighteenth-century Jamaica, but in most of the tales Mr. Black reinforces our interest on a more mature level by carrying us along with him on his historical detection of the miscarriage of factual links.

The best examples of these are the search for the identity of the "Mad Francis Smith, the tragic incidents of whose real life gave rise to the legend that formed the basis of Hawhorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. The tale of "Three-Fingered Jack" is a little disappointing, but this is hardly Mr. Black's fault. Jack, the slave rebel, is this reviewer's favourite Jamaican outlaw, and it is disappointing to find that he never bloomed into a full-blooded Jamaican Robin Hood. surely an outlaw of such proved gallantry to women deserves promotion to heroic status. After all, Jack lived a hundred years before Billy the Kid. And if the American-Jamaicans?

However, for sheer delight, guaranteed to satisfy the most meticulous connoisseurs of bloodthirsty, titillating yarns, there is nothing to beat Annee Palmer, the famous white witch of Rose Hall. This deliciously gruesome tale of a beautiful, witch-craft-practising, slave-owning, homicidal nymphomaniac is a Jamaican speciality. Mr. Black avoids any sociological interpretation of this legend, but certainly the rather morbid attachment to it of all classes and races in Jamaica needs to be explained. Could it be a sublimation of the collective unconscious of the Jamaican people? Or better, a retaliation in fantasy on the part of the Jamaican male against the excessive domination of both mother and wife? If so, heaven help them.

Unfortunately, Hollywood plans to film Herbert De Lisser's charming novel of the legend. How will the director of this film resolve the uneasy issue of interracial sex of a sort to send any good Southerner mad, which is inextricably tied up with the story? For whatever Annee Palmer's sins, however much she may have worked her slaves to death or tortured them for her own sadistic pleasures, when it came to her sexual kicks bloody Annee was too way out to draw the colour line.

Without being a kill-joy one must take Mr. Black to task for the bias of these tales towards only one small section of eighteenth-century Jamaican society. With the exception of Three-fingered Jack, all the tales relate to the slave-owning plantocracy. Certainly this seems unfair when one thinks of the exploits of Quao and Cudjoe, who successfully employed the tactics of guerrilla warfare against the imperial might of a British army more than 200 years before anyone heard of Mao Tse-tung or Che Guevera; of the mysterious Nanny, amazon, witch, black earth-mother; of Tackey, the brilliant Ashanti slave rebel leader; and of Francis Williams, that most glorious of Uncle Toms in the history of the New World Negro who, after an English university education, returned to Jamaica as a schoolmaster and spent his spare time writing Latin odes to the governors and other high-status whites among the slave-owning class. Apart from the story itself, Mr. Black would have had ample room here to fascinate us with some historical detection. What was Williams's background? What became of him after Long's tantalizingly brief account of him in his *History of Jamaica*, published in 1774? How did he make out with his fellow British students? Surely Dr. Johnson must have made some comment on him.

But these are matters which Mr Black must settle with his Jamaican readers (whose public support of the Jamaican Archives made the writing of these tales possible). For the general reader, caring little for the ideological niceties involved in the selection of these tales, they provide stimulation and enjoyment.

A LESS HEADY MIXTURE

PHILIP SHERLOCK: *West Indies*. 215pp. Thames and Hudson. 35s.

A good general work on the development and present structure of West Indian society has yet to be written. Such a work would be of practical importance both for West Indians and for scholars interested in the area and also in view of the distinguishing features of West Indian society, for all students of comparative social analysis. Dr. Sherlock's book hardly meets such a need, but to criticize it on this ground would be unfair since it is clear that the work was intended for the layman with a general interest in the region.

Almost half of the book deals with the history of the islands. This is understandable, not so much because the author is himself a professional historian, but in view of the fact that the West Indies, with their extremely fragile social systems, can only be explained in terms of their tortured history. The book opens with an account of "the West Indian experience", remarkable for the great variety of cultural traditions which contributed to the making of these island societies—African, West European, Indian, Chinese. The author then shows how the West Indies, between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, became the battle-field, both literally and symbolically, of European imperial interests, and traces the development and decline of the large-scale sugar-producing economies based on Negro slave labour. A useful guide to the post-emancipation period then follows, concentrating mainly on the superimposition of Crown Colony government and the emergence of the ex-slave population and their descendants as an underprivileged peasantry. The nationalist movement following on the events of the 1930s, the failure of the West Indian political federation and the attainment of political independence complete the historical sketch.

The rest of the book is a survey of the major social institutions of the area—its economy, family, church, education, folkways and its artistic developments. The author has little that is original to say about these patterns of behaviour, and his account of the islands' folklore is regrettably disappointing, considering his wide knowledge of this aspect of West Indian culture. However, for the reader who is not acquainted with the more specialized literature on the region, this is a fairly useful introduction.

The work is in all respects a moderate one. While Dr. Sherlock does not in any way neglect the serious social and economic problems facing the people of the West Indies, he remains firmly optimistic. The basis of such optimism is questionable. These islands may be independent constitutionally and there is certainly a very affluent elite group which too easily gives the wrong impression. But almost total lack of imagination in economic affairs on the part of the ruling elite, and their obvious lack of confidence in their ability to develop their own country industrially, has led to the virtual domination of the major resources of the island by foreign investors who, while they succeed in draining the economy of the profits vital for development, fail to make any impact on the unemployment problem. Dr. Sherlock's unrealistic approach to the serious problems of poverty and widescale unemployment is revealed in his statement that "the basic problem of the islands is that of population pressure". The high rate of population growth certainly needs to be checked but this is by no means the "basic problem". The West Indies, while they may not possess vast natural resources, are by no means poor, especially the two largest islands, Jamaica, for example, by a more imaginative exploitation of its immense bauxite resources and by a more rational use of its cultivable land, could easily support a population of two-and-a-half millions.

Dr. Sherlock—perhaps wisely, considering the delicacy of his position as vice-chancellor of a federated university supported by politically insular units—avoids any detailed comment on the present political scene. There can be little doubt that the formal aspects of the Westminster model have been imitated by the West Indian political elite. But the recent spate of political hooliganism in Jamaica; the arbitrary withdrawal of the right to travel in several instances by the Jamaican Home Affairs Office; the increasing authoritarianism of Dr. Eric Williams and the farcical state of the Trinidad opposition: all indicate that the generation of West Indian leaders to which Dr. Sherlock belongs has failed to create truly democratic or economically independent societies in the West Indies.

SWITCHED ON WATTS

JERRY COHEN and WILLIAM MURPHY: *Burn, Baby, Burn!* Introduced by Robert Kirsch. 318pp. Gollancz. 35s.

Jerry Cohen's and William Murphy's account of the Los Angeles race riot of August, 1965, is a brisk readable report at about the depth of the average news magazine article. Except for a few extra facts and quotations here, readers of *Newsweek* and *Time* probably learnt as much about what lay at the heart of this explosion of frustration. Yet it is a story, even at this superficial level, that is worth having in the more permanent form of a book, because the riot influenced many young American Negroes at a time when they were becoming disillusioned with the slow progress achieved through non-violent methods. "We made people take notice of us", a Watts boy said proudly a week after the riot and the same thought occurred to many of the Negro young across the country. It was not the dead, the blood, the destruction that impressed them, but the power of a comparatively few slum Negroes like themselves to humble the police and to seize the attention of the nation. When the apostles of non-violence asked what was the alternative to their methods, even though they often still meant prison or brutal beatings-up, the answer was often simply: "Watts."

The worst aspect of this great debate within the Civil Rights movement is that such an answer is still as popular among the younger slum (or ghetto) Negroes as it was just after the riot. In the eighteen months since, nothing has happened to underline how desperate and perhaps suicidal an answer "Watts" is. The whole non-violent movement has dragged in the wake of the Vietnam war and the daily body-count from the battlefields triumphantly announced in Washington, D.C., and spread across the front pages has encouraged thoughts of violence at home. It is useless to answer the argument in favour of more Wattses with statistics of anti-poverty drives or stirrings of conscience in Congress; what little promise these may hold is for tomorrow, for the next generation. The real appeal of Watts is a sense of doing something *now* and that is what any more law-abiding alternative has yet to provide.

This book, for all its reliance on the who-where-when-what kind of easy facts, does show us the great release that violence brought, the lifting of depressed spirits, and almost the bringing of hope. If we merely take a self-righteous attitude about violence and law-breaking, we will miss the almost biblical feeling of revenge by fire and sword that gripped many of the lost ghetto dwellers. This report does not get down to that truth below the facts but it implies enough for us to face it, and to accept that endless evasions expressed through committee meetings or reports that merely grow dust can end only one way—in more Wattses.

ITALIAN RUM

Guida all' Italia leggendaria, misteriosa, insolita, fantastica. Volume I. 656pp. Milan: Sugar Editore. Lire. 4,000.

Amid the plethora of recent guide-books it is a rare pleasure to come across one which provides a rich medley of information about the whimwhams of history and its natural sister legend. The first volume of a "Legendary, mysterious, unusual and fantastical guide to Italy", whose publisher is very suitably called Sugar, covers most of Northern and Central Italy and contains enough material to inspire any number of plays and imaginative novels, and supply travel books and films with abundance of local colour. The tourist tired with *Baedeker* and his latter-day substitutes may turn to this lump of Sugar for those queer, quaint and quizzical details that stimulate and enhance one's enjoyment of the byways as well as the highways of half the peninsula.

Sugar's guide-book deals specifically with devils (apparitions of demons, hauntings, witches, magicians, spells, phyltres, &c.); miracles (Christian legends, relics, pilgrimages, sanctuaries, religious mania, stories of saints); fairies (gnomes, elves, alchemists, astrologers, divinations, supernatural beings, dragons, monsters, exotic flora and fauna); superstitions and popular beliefs; ghosts (haunted houses, skeletons and bones, mummies and corpses); murders and poisonings; strange buildings (eccentric monuments, curious collections, inscriptions and enigmas); unheard-of historical events and local chronicles; fantastic landscapes and physical phenomena; myths of heroes and pagan cults; hidden treasure (grottoes, labyrinths, underground caves, cemeteries and catacombs), popular traditions, queer habits and customs and etymology; vanished civilizations (submerged and abandoned cities and villages, ruins, archaeological and megalithic remains). All this would make Demoerlus Junior turn in his grave.

The facetious preface is followed by a series of neat maps to illustrate where most of the singularities mentioned are to be found, and the text is arranged in alphabetical order from Abano Terme, where the dying are restored to life, to Zeri, where the dead return in slow processions called *andate*. Two hours before sunset on Mount Cisò the white figures of dead people are said to have appeared with a herd of cows and other animals of ruddy hue, an apparition probably due to the so-called *fata morgana*, a mirage usually glimpsed in the strait of Messina. Instead of information about the therapeutic baths, Sugar's guide-book tells us the history of Pietro d'Abano, the thirteenth-century astronomer reputed to have been a magician. Likewise with other places we are regaled with unexpected titbits. At Fucecchio, for instance, the monument to Giuseppe Montanelli is known as *il cavalliere* because the patriot's posterior is represented leaning against a pile of books. Such jocular nomenclature is typically Tuscan.

With regard to Florence, Venice and the larger cities the legends are more familiar, but the authors refresh our memory of such details, often overlooked, as the seventeenth-century relief of a mule commemorated for its faithful service in helping to build the great courtyard of the Pitti Palace; and we learn that parents used to bring their innocent daughters to inspect Annunzanti's colossal "Neptune" in Piazza Signoria before marriage "to prepare them visually for coming events"—since the statue had no fig-leaf.

The illustrations seem to have been selected by somebody with a taste for the macabre, apart from which the vignettes of places are rather dull, but the letterpress is vivid and entertaining. We look forward eagerly to a companion volume dealing with southern Italy, which is so much richer in fantastic legends and relics than the north that one wonders how it could be condensed in a book of the same format. The publishers deserve credit for their original enterprise.

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SOHO BELONGS TO THEM

Survey of London. Edited by F. H. W. Sheppard. *The Parish of St. Anne, Soho.* Volume XXXIII. 338pp. Volume XXXIV. pp.339-599. 142 plates. Athlone Press. £10 10s.

The last four volumes of the great survey of London were about the parish of St. James. They began with dignity: "Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, is commonly, and on the whole rightly, regarded as being more truly the founder of London's West End than any other individual". These new volumes, on the parish of St. Anne, Soho, begin with a new and unexpected abruptness. The surveyors are determined to have our full attention at once: "In 1641 Anna Clerke, 'a lewd woman', was bound over to keep the peace 'after threatening to burn the houses of Soho'", Soho being then "a group of wayside cottages in the open country", where now is Wardour Street. After that dramatic introduction to the parish of St. Anne, Anna Clerke herself disappears from the stage, but the Survey recalls her to it later. We do not know which of the meanings of lewd the writer of her brief biography intended, but the survey sees her (perhaps unkindly) as symbolic of modern Soho's "sombre reputation for lust, lasciviousness and crime".

In the three centuries between, Soho lived a varied life. It had its aristocratic period, which the Survey carefully records, with sixty to seventy titled residents and twenty-seven members of Parliament, before the wealthier inhabitants moved to the newer quarter of Mayfair. It had its professional men. It had many artists. It had a violoncellist who advertised his compositions for sale at a tobacconist's in Old Compton Street. It had a school where "youth may Board and be fitted for Business". It is interesting to see what the eighteenth century expected of its businessmen. They were taught "mathematics, geography, French, drawing, dancing, fencing, with weekly lectures on morality, religion, and natural and experimental philosophy". Soho even attempted to improve the education of writers. A physician and chemist in Greek Street did scientific experiments and gave lectures to "philosophic and literary Gentlemen". But Soho's chief literary possession is the house at 9 Gerrard Street, the Turk's Head then, which was the first home of the Literary Club, founded, as Boswell records, in 1764. The outside has been much changed, the Survey says, but the panelled rooms on the first floor, which it presumes were used by the club, are, it thinks, much today as they were then.

The Soho of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries must have been a good place to live in. We have this on the word of Sir Thomas Lawrence who had a studio there and liked it so well that he left his house in Bond Street and took his family to live in Greek Street. He found its "comparative retiredness both pleasant and advantageous". That was at the end of the eighteenth century. But Soho had also its workhouse. In 1818 there were 240 adult paupers in it, and only ninety-seven beds for them. They can have found Soho neither pleasant nor retired.

There was certainly much variety in Soho even without the foreign immigrants who have given it its special character. From the beginning it has been a foreign quarter and the Survey traces the flow and ebb of immigrants through three centuries. At first, and for a long time, they were mainly French. The Survey quotes an observer in the middle of the eighteenth century who said that in Soho one might imagine oneself in France. More than a century later when the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune brought a fresh wave of French, it quotes *The Builder* as saying that in Soho the "most financially rewarding tune for the organ-grinders" was the Marseillaise. But by the end of the nineteenth century it finds small colonies of nearly every European nationality. It is at the time of that fresh French wave that it dates the beginning of the fame of the Soho restaurants. It gives the honour of their discovery to a letter-writer in *The Times* in 1869 who had gone in search of a good dinner and had found in a French restaurant just opened in Soho not only a better but also a much cheaper dinner than his club gave him.

Much of the original Soho seems to have been built by building tradesmen—carpenters, plasterers, joiners, brickmakers—who could take a lease or two, but had little money to work with. The result was squabbles, law suits, bankruptcies, houses left unfinished. Even Richard Frith, whose name remains in Frith Street and who was one of the big contractors, paid his lawyer for a year's work by promising to build a house for him, and when Henry Compton, Bishop of London, was asked to consecrate St. Anne's Church before it was finished he would not agree until he was "ascertained that all the workmen were payd or secured their monie and dues first, and to that end made particular inquiries of the workmen". The Survey has found evidence, too, that not only the smaller men but Frith himself used bad bricks and mortar. Its final judgment is that their work was "for the most part not high", and it sees this as the probable reason that so little of it has survived. But its criticism of the shoddy building of the seventeenth century is as nothing beside its condemnation of "the fourth-rate architects" and "the architectural squalor" of the nineteenth.

The Survey's long account of Leicester Square (which is partly in St. Anne's parish and partly in St. Martin's) begins very domestically with a letter in 1636 from Lady Leicester to her husband, who was ambassador in Paris, about their newly built house. It is a timeless letter, except for the spelling. It might be any wife to any husband in any century: "I will tell you of our workes in London. The great chamber, the antie room, and the stears are verie hansomlie treated after a nwe waie, which cost about 80li." Thereafter is a turbulent history, from the interminable family squabbles about the ownership of the land, to the notorious fact that the Empire Theatre, the turbulent part of it is described, which is now an garden, Square: the attempts by small, gallant, loquacious and it; the struggles, to westward-facing peoples, the Irish, becoming a market or the Welsh, and the Icelanders. One tion; the utter neglect wishes they could all be right, but was allowed to fall; they cannot. In a sentence, the lec- Baron Grant. This panders have a good claim and good equivocal a figure in evidence, the Irish have a good claim century as Anna Clerke and bad evidence, and the Welsh teenth. Barn Gottheiner had claim and bad evidence. It is successful, the Survey his claim and this evidence which attracting funds from Mr. Deacon examines anew, and and widows," and is hopefully, in a somewhat curious member of Parliament book.

who, at considerable As things go, the Welsh claim to a self and at a cost to the discovery and exploration in 1170 is and widows) of £11,000, very late one. It cannot be traced garden from the eighteenth back beyond Humphrey Lhoyd it, laid it out, and pro- *Cambria*, left unpublished by him at London. Four years death in 1568, but destined to deed he came to an end appear in 1584 as "The Historie of ruptcy court. Cambria now called Wales . . . Actually in Gerrard's corrected augmented and continued very much in the spirit out of Records and best approved Square, was the Pelican of authors, by David Powel, Doctor in 1890s, with boxing and Divinitie". The first appearance of tainments which, the Survey earlier, in Sir George Peckham's told, included cockfights; "A True Report of the late dis- only four years, and the atteries . . . of the Newfound Landes then became a telephone . . . Wherein is also briefly set down but it is made memorable her highnesse lawful Tytle thereunto". lightful footnote in which it is worth emphasizing that there is says that "an extraordi- no earlier evidence whatsoever con- nary case" in which the members erecting Madoc (whoever he may have indulge was hansom-cab- been) with the Welsh Indians (who- Gerrard Street". However they may have been) or with caneers may stand with America. The genuine chronicles and Baron Grant to and genealogies make no mention of sometimes innocent, and his, nor can any support for such a dubious activities of Sir theory be wrong from genuine verse of the earlier periods of Welsh literature. This was demonstrated by Thomas Stephens in 1893, and the demonstration so reinforced by the later findings of historians and textual scholars that today Welsh scholarship has turned its back on Madoc's two American voyages, and the Welsh Indians have been relinquished to the Welsh Americans, a small minority of whom revive the legend on occasions of festive and commemorative oratory.

Still, once made the claim was accepted gratefully by a Tudor monarchy anxious to establish a pre-Columbian right of entry into the New World, and by Welsh antiquarians delighted to learn that their old and haughty nation, proud in arms" had left such a long-lasting ship's wake on the western ocean. There was no difficulty in finding a Madoc—and the one they picked on was a prince. Madoc son of Owain Gwynedd, lord of North Wales in the appropriate decades of the twelfth century. There was no difficulty in finding evidence in support, for since 1583 there had been reports of travellers in America encountering tribes of Indians whose physical appearance and use of the ancient British tongue pointed to a Welsh ancestry. Among them were the Doegs, Mandans, Mobilians, Cherokees, Navajos, White Paines or bearded Indians, Blue-Eyed Indians, even Moon-Eyed Indians, and Padoucas who seemed to preserve a mutated or corrupted "Madoc" in their name. Sometimes they possessed books (before the discovery of printing), sometimes Welsh Bibles (before the Bible was translated into Welsh); there were fragments of ancient manuscripts (never produced) and pieces of ancient armour (not preserved). And there was the Welsh language. The lingo of Paradise was now the lingua franca of the New World. "Yacha Tha", said the friendly Indian: "Good health!" "Pen gwyn", said the Indian: "White head", so describing the black-headed penguin. The traveller Morgan Jones, taken prisoner among the Tuscarora Indians and condemned to die on the morrow, exclaimed dejectedly in the British (Welsh) tongue: "Have I escaped so many dangers and must I now be knocked on the head like a dog?"—and instantly won a reprieve from the Welsh-speaking Dogs or Dogs.

But the Mandans were the most-favoured tribe. They had the right language, their women were extremely beautiful, and delicately lascivious. It was with two cooperative Mandan ladies that "Mandan Watkins, King", set himself as late as the 1820s to found a new nation of Welshmen in the Galapagos. "True they have the same bad habit of all Welshwomen that they talk when copulating, but as we speak much the same language—in part at least—I could always give the command for silence." Unfortunately this philoprogenitive enterprise foundered on competition from the "black-hearted, scurvy English".

The search for the Welsh Indians went on for a long time, but always they proved to be over the hill or round the next bend of the river. Charlatans as gross as Chief William Bowles, and explorers as ill-fated as John Evans, come into the record, but nobody brought one back alive. There was much farce and not a little tragedy. To help an already confused cause the literary forger Iolo Morganwg employed his unquestioned talents on Madoc's behalf.

As for Madoc, assuming there ever was a Madoc, with what part of America should we associate his explorations? Early speculation supplies a wide choice, from the mouths of the Amazon to Newfoundland. The Aztecs, Mayans and the Incas of Peru have been traced to him, and the Mormon faith to one of his fellow-travellers. Mr. Deacon, in *Madoc and the Discovery of America*, is not impressed by these extravaganzas. But he overlooks the Melungeons of Snake Hollow, Tennessee, who are as likely to be of Welsh descent as Phoenician. And his book must have been passing through the press when news broke of the discovery of a twelfth-century portrait of Madoc carved on a rock near Old Oraibi, Arizona, its helmet decorated with the Prince of Wales's feathers, and the visible portion of the forehead inscribed (we have this on the authority of the Galway Lake Archaeological Survey) in the "ancient Celtic Akadian Coptic Alphabet" with the three letters "DUK or DOK (interchangeable)".

Mr. Deacon inclines to think that Madoc put in near Mobile, Alabama, and his view is supported by the Virginia Cavalier Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who have erected a memorial tablet there. The prince and his men set off up the Alabama river, and continued in the general direction of Pumpkintown and Nashville, Tennessee. He thinks that the various large stone fortifications on this route were probably built by Madoc's men, but offers no evidence save that of analogy, nor does he calculate the man-hours needed for their construction. About the Welshmen's eventual fate there is no shortage of theories, just a complete absence of facts. As there is a complete absence of facts about their arrival in Mobile and journey up the Alabama river.

Mr. Deacon's approach to this legendary subject is an uncertain one. He longs to believe, and thinks there is something in it, but finds it very hard to say what. He is entertaining as he deploys the long-since discredited literary evidence; and a recital of our predecessors' misapprehensions and follies is never entirely uninstructive. But this is not a sufficiently scholarly work. "Ancient sources" too often prove to be of the eighteenth century, "old letters" of the nineteenth, and it would be unkind to quote the names of some of his authorities. A considerable number of misstatements and errors could be listed, some of them no doubt arising from faulty proof-reading. The bibliography is bad, and the index inadequate. The notes, which vary in value, are congregated at the back, under chapters, and by number, which is as inconvenient a way of providing information as has yet been devised. On the whole this loose subject calls for an altogether sterner and more discriminating approach than Mr. Deacon has given it.

BEYOND THE CELTIC FRINGE

RICHARD DEACON: *Madoc and the Discovery of America.* 269pp. Muller. £2 2s.

LOOKING FOR LONGITUDE

HUMPHREY QUILL: *John Harrison.* 255pp. John Baker. £2 10s.

In order to navigate a ship successfully there are two things you need to know: your latitude and your longitude. The former presents no great difficulty because you can calculate it from the Pole (or another fixed) Star. The longitude is another matter, and as late as the middle of the eighteenth century there were only rough and ready ways of estimating it. In theory, of course, the thing was easy: each fifteen degrees you were to the west or the east of the Greenwich meridian made your clock, set to Greenwich Time, an hour wrong, one way or the other. The clock was the difficulty, for at that date nobody had constructed one that would maintain accurate time on board a pitching sailing-ship which was constantly experiencing violent changes of temperature. Because of the need for such a timepiece, Parliament, in 1714, brought in a Bill offering a prize of the then enormous sum of £20,000 to the first man who could make one, in which Bill were also incorporated provisions concerning the tests to be undergone before such prize was granted.

It was not until 1737 that the Commissioners of the Board of Longitude set up by this Bill were troubled by a potential prizewinner, and then the application came from an odd quarter: John and James Harrison, carpenters from the obscure Lincolnshire village of Barrow-on-Humber, had for a long while in their spare time been making long-case clocks, largely with wooden mechanisms, and after four years of concentrated toil John Harrison had succeeded in constructing an extraordinary machine which he described as a sea-clock and entered for the award. This was tested on a voyage to Lisbon, but Harrison was not fully satisfied with its performance and he therefore obtained permission to set to work on a second and improved machine. In all, he made no fewer than three of these great sea-clocks in which many most ingenious devices were incorporated, the last of which was not completed until 1760. By that time, however, he had somewhat lost faith in his big machines, and had also almost finished a small chronometer-watch in the accuracy of which he was more confident. This at long last, at the end of 1761, was subjected to the test laid down in the Bill of 1714, namely, a voyage to the West Indies. John Harrison was by then sixty-eight years old, so the journey was undertaken by his son, William. The watch performed admirably, but the Board of Longitude entertained reservations. They paid Harrison a part of the prize-money, but asked for further trials. In fact, they made all manner of demands, with the result that the luckless inventor did not obtain his prize (almost) in full until 1773, by which time he had attained the age of eighty. Even then it was given to him more as an act of grace than as a matter of right.

This is a long and complex story which (except in Commander R. T. Gould's more technical study, *The Marine Chronometer*) has not previously been fully told. Colonel Quill, the present narrator, formerly of the Royal Marines and now Senior Warden of the Clockmakers' Company, has made a classic job of it. There is a military precision and clarity in his handling of the facts; his technical descriptions of the various complicated mechanisms involved are readily apprehensible by the layman; his illustrations are copious and well-reproduced. In brief, his book is a labour of love, done with unstinting patience and efficiency, in which John Harrison receives at last a due meed of appreciation for what must have been, while it was actually occurring, almost forty years of heart-breaking anxiety and frustration.

HARD TRAVELLING

VAL HOWELLS: *Sailing into Solitude.* 190pp. Temple Press. 25s.

H. W. TILMAN: *Mostly Mischief.* 191pp. Hollis and Carter. 30s.

Both Val Howells and Bill Tilman are unusual men, and each has produced a remarkable book.

Mr. Howells occasionally verges on something like a parody of Dylan Thomas, but by and large his is an honest and vivid description of what it means for a big extrovert Welshman to imprison himself voluntarily for two months in a small boat. Pain and discomfort, fear and loneliness, depressions and hallucinations are candidly and imaginatively described. Self-pity however is always overwhelmed by a gusty humour, and his account of a week's sojourn in Bermuda, when he found himself unable to come to terms once more with ordinary life, is particularly memorable. All sorts of people are sailing vast distances alone these days, but it is a safe bet that none of them will write a book quite like this.

Major Tilman describes his adventures among the ice, snow and wild waters of the far north and the far south with a cool detachment that disguises just how hazardous these journeys were. A distinguished climber, he is fascinated as much by the mountains as by the sea, and to all who feel the lure of loneliness and desolation this book should prove irresistible.

CLOSE SOCIETY

SIR FRANCIS HILL: *Georgian Lincoln.* 336pp. Cambridge University Press. £4.

The third volume of Sir Francis Hill's history of Lincoln is, like its predecessors, well-produced, contains interesting and attractive illustrations, and is based on a wealth of original material. It is, too, a work of graceful erudition by an author who combines sympathetic appreciation of the past in its local setting with critical discrimination and an awareness of contemporary historical trends.

At the beginning of the period neither the city nor its countryside had recovered from the Civil War. Moreover, as Sir Francis writes,

> Lincoln was remote; it was small; it was old and decayed . . . The roads leading to it were always bad and sometimes impassable. It was three days' journey on horseback from London . . . There was no regular stage-coach until nearly the end of the century . . . Three times a week the northern mail dropped the letters for Lincoln at Newark . . . There was no local newspaper . . . No printer had yet appeared . . . There was no place of public assembly, no theatre, no news room, so far as is known no coffee house, no library save the cathedral library, and a few books in parish churches or vestries.

Nevertheless life in Lincoln had compensating advantages.

> The city was deeply imbedded in the countryside, and the townsmen had not yet become a separate race. They lived amongst rural sights and smells. . . . Social, like economic, life was governed by the annual cycle of seedtime, haytime and harvest. For the citizens as well as for the countryfolk, to whom they were often closely related, many small observances punctuated the year, and provided the variety which was a sufficient spice for life to those who were not accustomed to more.

Lincoln was not, however, merely a small, decayed market town. It was a Cathedral city (even if the Civil War left it without a Bishop's Palace and in consequence a resident bishop) with the society of its close. It was also a County town. Its castle was the centre of county administration, where the judges held Assize and the Sheriff his court, and to which the gentry from a wide area came in for county meetings, county elections and other activities, social as well as political and administrative. Finally, it was a Parliamentary borough whose freemen numbered some 1,000 voters, including out-voters who came up for elections from London. An "open" borough, its voters made prospective candidates "play the game according to the freemen's rules", usually succeeding in avoiding what they feared most, "an understanding between the gentry to share the seats and avoid an election; and thereby destroy the market for votes". All these factors brought them into touch, even if sporadically, with outside events and the influences of the age.

Sir Francis examines with loving care the polite world of "abovehill", which was administratively as well as socially distinct from "belowhill", where the main body of the citizens lived. Of "abovehill" he writes that "here within mouldering Roman defences and medieval walls and gateways lived a tiny society of clergy and gentry". The letters of Mary, wife of Dean Yorke, charmingly illustrate its quality at its best. He traces the rise and decline of this small oligarchy from its early days, when the revival of the city was in their hands and when the nearby landed gentry built their town houses among them, to the end, when vitality and wealth had passed to new "belowhill" leaders, impatient of clerical influence and conservatism.

He examines too the growth of wealth and enterprise in the citizen body "belowhill", which had its own conservative elements coming under fire as new forces grew in strength. While he shows its weaknesses, he gives credit where it is due to the old Corporation which ultimately went down before the claims of Municipal Reform. He also shows how, long before this happened, much civic administration was passing out of their hands into those of the parishes. "It was only in writing this book that I came fully to realize that in the emergence of the civil parish is to be found one of the secrets of the decline of the common council".

The period was one of growing population and of increased, though uncertain, prosperity. That it was so was due not to anything which originated within the city, but to the great advances in agriculture, communications (including water navigation) and drainage in the surrounding countryside from which enterprising traders and others in the city could gain. Sir Francis pays a good deal of attention to these developments in the surrounding country, and to the notable squires and landlords (some of them recruited from the ranks of the minor professions) who played so big a part in them.

Though with a growing population in the city the number of the poor increased and, particularly in periods of depression, gave rise to problems of poor relief and the suppression of crime and disorder, relations between rich and poor, even in the dark post-war years of the early nineteenth century, never acquired the sharp edge of desperation of the industrial north.

ROBERT'S SUMS

F. B. SMITH: *The Making of the Second Reform Bill.* 297pp. University Press. £2 15s.

"Is Robert still doing his sums?" Such was the characteristically breezy question put by the Prime Minister on a crowded staircase at a Victorian evening party when Lord Salisbury was known to be contemplating resignation over the Reform Bill of 1867. Certainly the general impression after finishing Mr. Smith's helpful guide through what Disraeli once called "the Serbonian bog" of franchises, rents and rates is that the full subtleties of the story can only be mustered by the mind of a mathematician. Mr. Smith shows us the answer to such questions as

> how many additional voters would have been added to the register if the qualification was limited to ratepayers, bearing in mind that "compounding" (that is, settling the rates direct with the landlord) was general in the working-class districts of Birmingham.

Possibly more simple would be the question

> if the vote was given to all householders paying a rent of £7 a year and this added 144,000 voters to the franchise how many voters would be added if the rent were brought down to £6?

We can understand Mr. Smith's suggestion that some of his readers might be well advised to skip, but those who persevere will find the story well and clearly told, though just here and there the author may vex some of his readers. "Traditional gentry parties" and "gentry radicalism" may mean something in the classroom but will not carry much sense for those familiar with the green benches of the Victorian parliamentary scene. Lord Elcho may, as Mr. Smith assures us, have been "a vain busybody", but at any rate one of his vanities produced the General Medical Council. And poor Sir Robert Harvey, who sat for Creevey's old seat, might excusably ask to be allowed to speak from the tomb when accused of "auctioning" his vote in exchange for a baronetcy.

In 1866 Lord Russell had hoped to crown a life of public service devoted to reform by a supplement to the Reform Act of 1832, which he had himself introduced into the House of Commons. But his government collapsed over the difference between basing the vote on rent or rates. Derby and Disraeli assumed office and carried through a more advanced measure than Russell and the Whig-Liberal cabinet had planned, adding almost a million voters to the electorate.

Politically the struggle had great fascination, and it still has lessons for the twentieth century. The traditional historical view (and this is probably correct) is that the Conservative Party was forced by explosions of popular feeling. The ground was prepared by these by the conviction of leaders that the people were against them, and that they must seek direct representation in the House of Commons; this was coupled with a more general discussion, caused in part by the end, Gurney smash, that of the country were in the hands of amateurs. The great agitation in Hyde Park and reform tumbled a Home Secretary of office and the general lament that if only they had used the rullings, which were against the police and about twenty dead" have been some fun". Wellington formerly said could march 20,000 men Park but there were only who could march them a difference lay perhaps the crowd getting out certainly an earlier one had been full of amiable mob cheered characters as the Duke of Edinburgh, the Archbishop of York, degree of seriousness to these demonstrations on government policy pute. "Robert's sums" calculations were swept what was thought to be the people.

The whole story is fascinating has implications which of our political growth for tury afterwards, as still of attention. On almost Smith gives evidence the 1860s that reform chise would end class and, in Gladstone's them into the shadows But did that over-simplify What would happen were to become the class? The other consequence was how would fare on the march to range? Lord Salisbury strong point of the minorities when he drew the treatment of the American Civil War, of our parliamentary the next hundred years us at times of his sion rather than by the main character sovereign democracy

FLINDERS'S TRAVELS

JAMES D. MACK: *Matthew Flinders, 1774-1814.* 270pp. Nelson. 45s.

It is remarkable that Mr. Mack's lengthy bibliography of the Matthew Flinders documents lists only one life, published in 1914. It is high time he whom he classes with Cook, Bligh and Vancouver and whose work is buttressed by about 2,000 documents. They contain indeed the bare bones of a wonderful adventure story, and though we may consider that Mr. Mack's book falls far short of what, for Cook, its very deficiencies are a powerful reminder that the man whose name we may have idly noticed scattered about the map of Australia is very well worth getting to know better.

Mr. Mack chooses to display Flinders's voyages as a case history of one of the first scientifically sponsored voyages of discovery. The library in him sticks austerely to the facts, and in a comprehensive study as short as this one there is room for little more. He sees Flinders as a man of lucid intellect, a naval scientist who learnt his dull but exacting trade of naval survey in the Pacific under Bligh and returned to England from a long stint at the convict settlement of Port Jackson with the ambition, as Mr. Mack says, to measure a continent—or prove that New Holland was not a continent but two islands divided by a strait. Under the patronage of Banks, then at the plenitude of his power as President of the Royal Society, he got himself appointed to the command of the Investigator for a four years' circumnavigatory survey of New Holland. His ship turned out to be on its last sea-going legs. Flinders surveyed the almost unknown south coast, followed Cook up the Great Barrier Reef into Torres Strait, and was making a close survey of the Gulf of Carpentaria when his carpenters warned him that six months would see the end of his ship. His job was less than half done; his problem to get another ship to complete it. Finding no help at Timor, he dashed back past the unsurveyed west coast to Port Jackson. His first attempt to return to England ended in shipwreck on the Great Barrier Reef. He got back to Port Jackson, arranged for the rescue of his crew and set out a second time with a few of his men in a twenty-nine-ton schooner. Such was his resolution and skill that he might have made England in a few months had he not been rash enough to put into Mauritius with papers that enabled the French to hold him as a spy. Here he languished for nearly seven years, relieving his bitterness by writing long denunciations of his captors and shorter more valuable works on magnetism and trigonometry. Four years of life were left to him when he was repatriated. He had failed in his main endeavour but he filled these years by honouring his contract to the Admiralty and writing 400,000 words of his *A Voyage to Terra Australis*, describing what he and his naturalists and artists had discovered.

Flinders married Ann Chappell a few days before he sailed in the Investigator, and failed to break an Admiralty rule by taking her with him to Port Jackson. Mr. Mack says of her: "It had always been Ann who paid. Ann would always pay. Ann was a saint." This may be true, but Ann is much too shadowy a figure in Mr. Mack's narrative to lend it conviction. And so in a sense, despite all the facts and documents which load Mr. Mack's story, is Flinders himself. This is a valuable piece of research. It lacks only that highest skill of the biographer, to select and arrange his material so that the facts do much more than speak for themselves. The conjecture, the inspired guess, the hard labour of reading between the lines is that which produces not an easy romanticism but the fully rounded figure which is all that one man can ever make of another's life.

In *Pieces of Paradise* (184pp. Jarrolds, £2 2s.) a resident in the West Indies takes a trip round the islands and records his impressions of their present, past and future. Mr. Helweg-Larsen writes blandly and he drops too many names but he has a beguiling subject and his enthusiasm for it is immense.

why does everybody think they're middle class

Class may be more devious and complex than it was in 1867 (some teenage upper-middle class girls, notes Kenneth Allsop, ape the Lancashire or Yorkshire of their pop idols among themselves, only speaking 'orthodox county' in front of their parents)—but it remains the greatest single factor affecting our life as a community.

In *Class*, a symposium edited by Richard Mabey, eleven contributors (including Raymond Postgate, Kenneth Allsop, Mark Abrams and Simon Raven) explore the subject in essays ranging from politics, the universities and industry to the Pop phenomenon, the contemporary novel and the mass media.

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FROM BOOKSELLERS

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THE FULL WEIGHT OF THE LAW

WITH THE APPEARANCE of the sixteenth volume the publication of Sir William Holdsworth's *History of English Law* is complete. Methuen published the first volume in 1903; Holdsworth himself died in 1944, leaving manuscript which has since appeared as volumes XIII-XVI, under the editorship of his literary executors, Professor Goodhart and Professor Hanbury (one of Holdsworth's successors in the Vinerian Chair). Now Methuen, in association with Sweet and Maxwell, have issued a reprint of the whole series. This is to be welcomed, for the revisions and editions of individual volumes over half a century had resulted in very few libraries possessing a set both complete and up to date. Indeed the bibliography of the *History* had become something of a puzzle. The series is now available in the last available editions of the different volumes, though since they are reproduction volumes the addenda and corrigenda remain unincorporated into the text.

All the evidence is now in, and though it may be premature to attempt a full assessment of Holdsworth's prodigious achievement and its effect on legal and historical scholarship, it yet seems timely to survey in broad outline the *History* as we now have it. The first question which occurs is what was the start of it all? The formal cause was doubtless the happy accident that in 1901 Edward Jenks advised Methuen to approach Holdsworth, then a young law tutor at St. John's College, Oxford, for a short single-volume History of English Law. As Professor Goodhart said in his 1954 Selden Society lecture on Holdsworth, "It was from this modest beginning that the monumental *History* developed". But the effective cause must be sought further back. Probably the answer is to be found in Holdsworth's own words when writing of Maine's works:

> They teach all students of law to think. I myself read *Ancient Law* when I was at school, and I know of no book which gave me so many new ideas, which opened up so many vistas of thought; and later I found that I could say the same of all his other books.

Today Maine is perhaps more often quoted than studied. Naturally over the past century much in his writings has been overtaken or superseded. Thus today we feel difficulties in tracing the footsteps of the Ricardian economic man as he progresses from the static world of status to the free and flexible environment of contract. But it remains true that, coming at a time when theories of historical growth and evolution were displacing on the one hand notions of Natural Law and on the other the analytical approach of Bentham and Austin, Maine's books were prophetical. (A recent assessment of Maine's work and influence is to be found in I. W. Burrow's *Evolution and Society*, a discussion now essential for a full understanding of Maine's contribution.) Maine was the precursor of Maitland and all other first-rate scholars in the field of historical and comparative jurisprudence. The last words of Holdsworth's *History* are borrowed from Maitland's, inaugural lecture, "history involves comparison". It was Maine who first gave currency to such principles, and clearly they exercised a profound influence on Holdsworth in his formative years.

* * *

Holdsworth's principal gifts for his immense undertaking, as it gradually developed, were unremitting industry and a very tenacious memory, together with accuracy and clarity in thought and word. His industry is evidenced not only by the *History* itself but also by the long list of his other publications. He contrived to combine this amazing output with a sociable turn for conviviality. This last point is perhaps worth making, for no man did more to establish harmonious relations between the practising and teaching sides of the legal profession; the dedications of volumes to Birkenhead and to Wright were no formal gestures. Further, his visual memory was clearly of an exceptional order. As H. E. Bell said in his book on Maitland, "A scholar who is going to write big, wide ranging books must possess the faculty of working quickly", and we have it on the authority of Professor Goodhart than Holdsworth did not find it necessary to use an accumulation of notes. The *History* is very fully documented, but the writing of the text seems to have been the outcome of extensive reading committed directly and with a minimum of hesitation to paper.

Given this fluency in composition it is striking that there should be little fluency in the style. The truth is that Holdsworth had no special literary talent, nor what is sometimes called "a literary mind". The style is not infrequently monotonous. Nevertheless the readability increased as the series lengthened and as Holdsworth moved from medieval to modern times. Maitland praised highly his work in medieval law, but here Holdsworth was not as much at home as in the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries. The work improved as it progressed. One cannot better some words of the appraisal written by Professor Plucknett in the memoir prefixed to the sixty-first volume of the Selden Society (a yearbook of which Holdsworth was joint editor):

> No sign of fatigue is discernible even in the latest stage of this immense labour; indeed, there seems increased ease and mastery as the author plunged into that eighteenth century which he found so congenial to his temperament. Into that great work went gifts and qualities of the most varied sorts, and sympathies as broad as they were genuine. The rugged common law of Coke as well as the legal rationalism of Bacon, the subtleties of Fearne and Butler as well as the urbane cosmopolitanism of Mansfield and Blackstone, all received from him their due meed of appreciation. The numerous appendices show his keen sense of detail, and every page attests his vigorous discipline of precise statement and accurate citation; yet the whole immense mass of separate instances is firmly marshalled into a shapely and logical whole.

* * *

In the posthumous volumes there is no diminution in the craftsmanship. Volume XIII opens with 150 pages on Bentham and his followers, a perceptive and (given Holdsworth's own opinions and prejudices) finely impartial assessment of Utilitarian theory and practice. But an increasingly mechanical tone in the work becomes felt. The death in the war of Holdsworth's only son, whose career had opened with high promise, the onset of fatal illness, the dark uncertainties of the times, peculiarly painful to a man who felt so passionately for his country and could not hope to see the event, all these left their mark. Two fitting honours closed Holdsworth's career. The Order of Merit came in 1943 and also the election to the Treasurership of Lincoln's Inn for 1944, but this last he did not live to hold.

Though not given to generalization (in this respect he differed sharply from Maine), Holdsworth was much drawn to general themes. It was well that he was, for otherwise the work might have collapsed under its own weight of material. He controlled it to the end, but perhaps imperfectly. The qualification can only be explained by glancing at the balance of the whole. There are five Books. Book I occupies Volume I and stands by itself, a conspectus of the Judicial System from origins to modern times. It appears that Maitland's advice at this point determined Holdsworth to launch out further. Book II (499-1066) is Anglo-Saxon Antiquities. Book III (1066-1485) is the Medieval Common Law. Book IV (1485-1701) is the Common Law and its Rivals. Book V (1701-1875) is the Centuries of Settlement and Reform. The division into volumes II-XVI is subsidiary. Each Book, except for the first, is divided into Part I: Sources and General Development, and Part II: the Rules of Law, a division similar to that used in Pollock and Maitland's History. Now, Book II is little more than 100 pages and Book III rather more than 1,000, both occupying Volumes II and III. Book IV occupies Volumes IV-IX, about 2,500 pages, the Rules of Law receiving the slightly larger space. Book V does not reach the Rules of Law at all and Part I alone occupies Volumes X-XVI, approaching 4,000 pages. It seems doubtful if any man could have lived to finish the work projected on this scale of extrapolation. One wonders how far Holdsworth himself pondered on this as the dimensions of the work grew under his hands. It is true that in 1937, writing the preface to Volumes X, XI and XII, he foresaw the need, and gave his reasons, for an expanded treatment of the last two centuries of the *History*, and the preface to Volume XIII gives the opinion of the editors (based on their study of Holdsworth's papers) that Part II "was not intended to be very protracted". Nevertheless, the fact is that though the published volumes reach a good stopping place, they do not reach the terminus to which Holdsworth was travelling. Probably towards the end he just wrote on. This would be a sad thought but for the feeling that there was more than a touch of the heroic in the closing phases.

* * *

It is hardly possible to define Holdsworth's position as a legal philosopher. Like Maine he certainly avoided taking any *a priori* position. If taxed with such a question he would probably have adopted the stance one finds in the introduction to Pollock and Maitland's History. The philosophical analysis and definition of law belongs, in our judgment, neither to the historical nor to the dogmatic science of law, but to the theoretical part of politics. A philosopher who is duly willing to learn from lawyers the things of their own art is full as likely to handle the topic with good effect as a lawyer, even if that lawyer is acquainted with philosophy, and has used all due diligence in consulting philosophers. The matter of legal science is not an ideal result of ethical and political analysis; it is the actual result of human nature and history.

Of course, it remains the business of the legal historian to examine such questions as a matter of history. Thus Holdsworth in the course of volumes V and VI gives special attention to the theories of Hobbes, explaining not only why these theories met hostility but also why the theory of sovereignty was and could not be generally understood till a later age. We may suspect that Holdsworth, like Maine, would have little sympathy with the notion of the determinate sovereign as the necessary source of social organization, but for Holdsworth it is not a question of acceptance or rejection. It is enough to describe, to offer some evaluation critically, and to avoid conclusion.

A very prominent feature of the *History* is Holdsworth's intense interest in the men (whether lawyers or not) who made and influenced the making of the Common Law, as well as those for whom it was made. The biographical element is strong, and though we may not classify Holdsworth positively, we may safely conclude that he had no feeling for a strongly materialist view of historical development. He allowed for the impersonal forces, and for contemporary environment, but essentially he saw legal history as a history of ideas, applied ideas, and for him those ideas were principally the offspring of human choice, even though much in the development of doctrine was the day-to-day choice of men who had not the time or inclination or vision for the larger and longer view. And the tradition of English judges had made this qualification highly significant for much of the Common Law is the unconscious secretion of principle in the process of deciding cases. Indeed, it is on biographical work that Holdsworth's sense of duty to history most manifestly appears. Rarely moved to censure, it is here that his sense of probity is most readily revealed. Thus he castigates Lord Campbell's Lives, saying the author had "no conception of the obligation which rests on the historian to sift his evidence, to state facts accurately, and to place himself at the point of view of the man whose actions he is recording". This obligation was for Holdsworth very much the heart of the matter.

Turning to the *History*'s future, two points may perhaps be made. The utility of the five-nine volumes is greatly enhanced by the [illegible] index material and subjects prepared by Professor Hanbury [illegible] remaining volumes [illegible] equipped with such material, work has been most thoroughly performed. Nevertheless, the reader wishes to follow [illegible] through successive periods, [illegible] dated index is a great [illegible] and such an index for [illegible] series would benefit all students of legal history. So, [illegible] the text itself, the editors, [illegible] I in 1956 by Professor [illegible] model of what can be done [illegible] porate recent research. If [illegible] one asks a question of [illegible] normally the first step is [illegible] up in Holdsworth". And [illegible] it may be necessary to [illegible] viding for the addition [illegible] or other of the findings [illegible] research. Holdsworth himself [illegible] it necessary to include [illegible] in the various revisions [illegible] lifetime.

It is easy enough to [illegible] the *History* will serve for [illegible] ations to come. Certainly [illegible] may be controverted, [illegible] already been questioned, [illegible] or less success, but parochialism cannot seriously [illegible] creation on this scale. [illegible] Holdsworth achieved for [illegible] legal history what Blackstone [illegible] for English law. But the [illegible] between law and history [illegible] forces us to recognize that [illegible] between legal and history. [illegible] ture. Blackstone's Commentaries [illegible] have naturally gone the way [illegible] legal classics. Literature [illegible] remains, but its law has [illegible] transmuted into history. [illegible] worth's *History*, being [illegible] not liable to repeal, it is [illegible] to reassessment, to reinterpretation. Some parts may suffer [illegible] these will be few companions [illegible] which provide sure ground [illegible] ther advance in knowledge.

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GRAHAM HO[illegible]

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"Sets out in a quiet and [illegible] survey the scope and nature of [illegible] His book can be most [illegible] recommended to anyone [illegible] in the written word. In [illegible] marks a return to a wider [illegible] approach to criticism at [illegible] specialization threatens [illegible] critical vision." SEAN LUCY, [illegible]

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THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LONDON'S PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE

CENTRAL 2000

Thursday March 2 1967

NEW WORLD?

Next November it will be fifty years since the establishment of the Soviet regime and the question arises how this loudly-heralded Jubilee Year will be celebrated in the field of Russian literature. A reading of the last two issues of *Novy Mir*, a powerful stronghold of the Russian liberal way of thinking, leaves a somewhat confused, but, on balance, still rather reassuring impression. Although the Party leadership (in so far as its views were reflected in the famous *Pravda* editorial of January 27) is critical and distrustful of the liberals of *Novy Mir*, these still show no signs of being cowed or terrorized into silence or ultra-conformism. In No. 11 (1966) of the journal, S. Rassadin reviews a book of essays on contemporary Soviet writers by Alexander Kovalenkov, and it is a most outspoken and devastating polemical piece against the author's "Stalinist" type of literary criticism, with his rapturous praise of conventional poets like Gribachev and Sofronov, and his "altogether pathological loathing" not only of the "moderns" but also of those older poets like Osip Mandelshtam who, after being exterminated in the Stalin purges, are now being rehabilitated.

And Rassadin concludes his review:

> Kovalenkov's book was published in 1966. We find this hard to believe. It looks as if it had been published or, at any rate, written, certainly not later than fifteen years ago. Not only does he refer to Novomoskovsk [the Moscow suburb] as Stalingorsk, as it was then called, but his book is marked, throughout, by the abuse of those he doesn't like, by clouds of incense for those of whom he does approve, by a dogmatic narrowness of outlook and by a trenchant and intolerant demagogic manner. His 1966 book is a sample of the very worst type of book published in those long-bygone years.

This is an excellent definition of the Stalinist spirit that still survives in Soviet literature here and there, and which *Novy Mir* has made it its job to show up, not only brilliantly, but also with visible relish. It is not an easy fight; although it is difficult to say to what extent exactly the Party hierarchy itself is divided on the literary issue (that there are differences of opinion is, however, obvious even from the records of the Twenty-Third Congress), it is highly probable that the "conservatives" are still more powerful there than the "liberals". But it would seem that, in this Jubilee Year, the Party is careful not to give its undivided support to the conservatives, and not to damn the liberals out of hand; significantly, *Pravda* on January 27 devoted about two-thirds of its article to criticizing the "modernism" of *Novy Mir*, and only one-third to the bad writing and the primitivism of *Oktyabr*, the organ of the Stalinist diehards—which rather suggests that the Party hierarchy has compromised with a sort of right-of-centre position. It seems anxious, at any rate, in this Jubilee Year of "national unity" among Soviet people, to avoid any sensational excommunications and high-trials. It must also be highly conscious of the fact that the young generation of Russians has absolutely no time for what Rassadin calls the dogmatic narrowness of outlook and trenchant and intolerant demagogy", that it is keen on innovation and experimentalism in literature, and is becoming interested in those writers and poets of the 1920s who were more or less completely taboo during the Stalin years, but who are now being rehabilitated and rediscovered.

Among the most fascinating pages in No. 11 of *Novy Mir*, for example, are some literary reminiscences of the 1920s by a writer of the older generation, V. Kaverin. He speaks with warmth and enthusiasm of the *Storm and Drang* years of the 1920s, of the excited arguments that went on in those days among both writers and students (Kaverin taught literature in Leningrad) on new Soviet (and even some émigré) writers like Belyi, Pilniak, Zamyatin, Vsevolod Ivanov, Tynyanov, Mayakovsky, Zoshchenko, Pasternak; stimulating film pioneers like Pudovkin and Eisenstein; revolutionary theatrical producers like Meyerhold, and so on. No doubt there were already then the self-appointed literary bullies, above all the "proletarians" of the RAPP association, headed by the power-drunk Leopold Averbach, but they were not yet all-powerful.

Averbach who did so much to drive Mayakovsky to suicide was the true forerunner of Zhdanov and the other literary dictators of the Stalin era who, in their turn, were to send Babel, Mandelshtam and Pilniak to their death and to "outlaw" Zoshchenko and Akhmatova. Kaverin's account of Averbach is, of course, an indirect attack on his more official Stalinist successors, but also on those literary bureaucrats of today who leave writers of the *Novy Mir* class with "a nauseating feeling of interference and threats".

The liberals are having a hard struggle; but they seem to be scoring points. The publication, last month, of a devastating satirical work by M. Bulgakov, nearly thirty years after his death, in the magazine *Moskva* would have been unimaginable a few years ago. A sharply polemical *feuilleton* wind is blowing through the pages of *Novy Mir*, which is soon to publish an autobiographical essay by Pasternak written in 1957. Lydia Chukovskaya's *Deserted House*, though published in Paris, has been widely read all over Moscow. At least the "selected" works of "infantile" or "decadent" poets like Pasternak, Akhmatova, Tsvetaeva, Innokenti Annensky, are selling in many thousands of copies; the black-market price of the Tsvetaeva volume (40,000 copies printed) is about ten times its published price.

No doubt the conservatives are also scoring points, but only of an administrative kind. Although Tvardovsky, the editor of *Novy Mir*, is "too big to touch" (which in itself is a triumph for the liberals) two of his assistants—Dementiev and Saks—are reported to have been sacked on orders from above—though even they continue to figure as contributors. The publication of No. 10 of *Novy Mir* was delayed for two months; first, because the Party pundits decided against the publication of Konstantin Simonov's *War Notebooks* in full, and second, because the author refused to publish a version expurgated of its sharp anti-Stalin passages. This shows two things: first, that the Party is anxious to avoid unpleasant disclosures, especially during the Jubilee Year, when everything that has happened in the past fifty years should be made to look as nice as possible; and second, that writers are no longer afraid to stand up for themselves.

Unfortunately, the conservatives' greatest triumph is the continued detention in a hard-labour camp of Sinyavsky and Daniel. All appeals on their behalf by both Soviet writers and western writers, including Communists, have been so far of no avail. It is said in Paris that when General de Gaulle mentioned to Mr. Kosygin the deplorable impression the Sinyavsky-Daniel affair was having on French public opinion, the Soviet Premier half-assured him that he would try to have them amnestied this year, but that, under the "collective leadership", nothing depended solely on him. Perhaps this was only a quibble; but it may also be that strong Stalinist influences are still present among the Party pundits.

The publication abroad of *Zhivago* caused Pasternak some serious trouble, and it was nearly ten years after Stalin's death before Solzhenitsyn's *Ivan Denisovich* was published; and even then the Party had second thoughts about it. Sinyavsky and Daniel were impatient; they were not content to write "for the drawer". True, neither of them had Pasternak's genius and reputation, and their books are sharply satirical, which *Zhivago* is not, and they knew they were running a graver risk than Pasternak did. But it was a risk they were prepared to take. They had something to say, and in Russia they could not say it; if they said abroad more than they would have ever said in Russia, it was perhaps because the *complete* freedom to say whatever they liked had made them a little giddy. They felt oppressed by the bureaucracy, but they were not impatient. In the more liberal atmosphere which seems today to be at least slowly developing in Russia after all, the Bulgakov satire published posthumously in *Moskva* is no milder than anything Sinyavsky and Daniel ever wrote. The continued martyrdom of the two writers seems an incredible anachronism. And, psychologically, it constitutes the biggest obstacle for those countless people in western Europe who like to think that, in the turbulent and anxious state of the world today, Russia is on the side of the angels. Mr. Kosygin, after his visits to France and Britain, must surely know that the only Sinyavsky-Daniel affair has a direct bearing on the Soviet Union's relations with the outside world.

Letters to the Editor

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Sir, A halfway position, between Nevill Coghill and Peter Alexander, seems the most probable. The chief thing to explain is why the publisher altered his title-page and made such odd claims; here one needs to postulate a rather elaborate background. Someone felt confident of his right to have the play published, since the first title-page boasts that this is a Globe play. The Company would naturally step in and say "Then it's our property". But when challenged they could not produce evidence that they had paid, or had (presumably) that they had paid for it. Giles therefore went triumphantly ahead, and the new title-page says what amounts to: "The Company wouldn't let you see it, and they are still trying to keep it from you".

This quarrel would hardly arise unless Shakespeare had written the play for the Company in the first place, and in 1602 or 1603 he would have had to do that. Since 1594 he had been giving them two plays a year, evidently by settled agreement, but in these years it becomes hard to make up the quota. To have written for an Inn of Court instead would be positively disloyal. But it is likely enough that the Company feared the play would irritate the Globe audience of that uneasy period, or the talk about civil war might have seemed politically unsafe, or the production may have been held up by the 1603 plague. A few years later, under James, when the Company felt easier and Shakespeare only had to do one play a year, the unwanted *Troilus* might well be farmed out to an Inn of Court, and the conditions might easily get misunderstood. I expect Shakespeare was not paid separately by the Company for individual plays; turning out his quota would be part of his duty as shareholder. So there would be no record that he had assigned it to them, but they would surely keep a record of what plays they had performed. If they made a claim and then abandoned it, and this is a fair deduction from the title-pages, they must have found it could not be sustained.

I do not believe that Ajax is a caricature of Ben Jonson; the main thing about Ajax on this play is that he is stupid, and the main thing about Jonson is that he was not. Surely, to produce the play like that would interfere with its real interest. (As to *The Return from Parnassus*, it is wrong again and again.) But a prologue which hinted at Jonson might well be added afterwards, to amuse the young lawyers; they thought him culturally the only respectable playwright, and amusingly not respectable in other ways. They would probably like to have a reference to his most famous quarrel, even though a fairly pointless one.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

Sheffield.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sir,—A sentence in Professor Leon Edel's letter printed in your issue of February 23 may perhaps be misunderstood if read outside the general context of his letter. The sentence reads: "The British Museum Manuscript Division demands much more than a reader's card; it demands a letter of access from the interested parties, that is the estate and the controllers of the common law copyrights". This as it stands, is incorrect. Students have unrestricted access to our collections (except where they are reserved from public use, e.g. at the wish of donors or on security grounds) and may freely read, copy, or make notes from manuscripts. The question of control arises only where photographs are ordered, and then only in the case of material which is both in copyright and less than 100 years old. In such cases we must ask the applicant to produce the authority of the owner of the copyright before carrying out the photography because if we failed to do so the museum might be committing a breach of the Copyright Act. But this has nothing to do with access in the normal meaning of the word.

T. L. SHEAT,
Keeper of Manuscripts.

The British Museum, Department of Manuscripts, London, W.C.1.

Sir, Professor Leon Edel (February 23) has drawn a dignified red herring across the trail. At no point in your correspondence on the Berg collection of the New York Public Library has it been suggested that there should be indiscriminate access to private papers in national or private collections. Does he mean to suggest that the British Museum and the National Library of Ireland are less scrupulous in scrutinizing the credentials of researchers than, say, the Berg? I cannot think he does. In that case, how can the depositing of photostat or microfilm copies of documents with them be equated with publication or with infringement of copyright? The copyright of unpublished material remains with the writers' heirs, and permission to quote must be obtained from them, whether the document is studied as an original in the Berg or as a photostat over here, and the privacy of the families concerned is just as much safeguarded.

I would be the first to agree that persons handling original documents should be mature, of proven academic standards, and vouched for by professors or others of similar standing who know their work well enough not necessarily by publishers, who have often proved unwilling to commission work which has subsequently turned out to be of genuine importance). In this respect, it is on Professor Edel's side of the Atlantic, not on ours, that reproaches can be made.

An American post-graduate student is permitted to work for a Ph.D. (which requires him to use original material) about three years earlier than would be the case in this country. I have had letters from American girls backed by their professors wanting documentation on Lady Gregory; the letters were touching in their eagerness and enthusiasm, but were plainly those of schoolgirls, one to the age of long. I have had to tell them, kindly I hope, that I did not think any public collection or private archive over here would be open to them. I believe that most heirs of famous writers can show piles of such letters, to which, in the end, they cease to reply.

I have asked high-ranking American academic friends what purpose is served by allowing the immature to do research, and they have been unable to tell me; I have the impression that only loyalty to their colleagues prevented them from expressing a deep disquiet. But such a policy certainly does not obtain over here.

ELIZABETH COXHEAD.

The Red House, St. Mary's Way, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire.

ANTI-SEMITISM

Sir,—I read with fascination your article (February 23) on the distortions of the Jews' role in history—but how easily distortions come about! Thus the article referred to "the Three Hundred Families of French journalism in the 1930s"—they were actually the Two Hundred Families, after the 200 members of the General Council of the Banque de France as established by the Napoleonic Act of 1803. The phrase was, I believe, originally Dalladier's, and even that was a distortion—if there was any truth at all in the assertion that so few controlled the policies of France, it should more probably be the Fifteen Families, after the fifteen Regents of the Banque de France who held the real power.

JEREMY BARKER.

Stonegarth, The Avenue, Sherborne, Dorset.

RED, WHITE AND GREEN

Sir,—I take exception to your reviewer's description (February 16) of Nestor Makhno as "infamous", and the clear implication that he was not an anarchist at all.

While one may argue over how typical an anarchist he was, it is surely not open to doubt that within the limits of civil war he tried to put into practice recognized anarchist-communist theory, especially in the short period of peace in the area between November, 1918, and June, 1919? If further proof is required, I am ready to supply it. Your reviewer may have his views on Makhno, as I have, but would he please not allow them to obscure the facts? Or perhaps he thinks of all anarchists as bandits?

MICHAEL MALET.

61B Granville Park, Lewisham, London, S.E.13.

(*Other letters are on page 176*)

Between Blue and Blue

RAYMOND QUENEAU

'. . . the most bewitching new French novel I have read for years . . .' *Raymond Mortimer*, SUNDAY TIMES

'. . . a delightfully skilful translation.' *Christine Brooke-Rose*, OBSERVER

'. . . to those of us who applauded *Zazie* his new novel *Between Blue and Blue* comes as a welcome gift.' *Elizabeth Berridge*, DAILY TELEGRAPH 25s

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DISPATCHES FROM THE SCHILLER FRONT

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER: *Sämtliche Werke.* 20 volumes. Munich: DTV. From DM.2.80 to DM.4.80 each. *Werke.* In 3 volumes. 2,423pp. Munich: Hanser. DM.30. *Schillers Werke.* 4 volumes. 1: Dramen I. 776pp. 2: Dramen II. 584pp. 3: Gedichte—Erzählungen. 527pp. 4: Schriften. 913pp. Frankfurt: Insel. DM.30.
RENÉ CANNAC: *Théâtre et Révolte.* Essai sur la jeunesse de Schiller. 200pp. Paris: Payot. 13fr.
DERIC REGIN: *Freedom and Dignity.* The Historical and Philosophical Thought of Schiller. 153pp. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff. 18 guilders.
H. GUENTHER NERES: *Ein unbekannter Schiller.* Kritiker des Weimarer Musenhofes. 120pp. Berlin: Schmidt Verlag. DM.16.

The main news from the Schiller front is of a massing of popular editions. DTV add to their outstanding paperback classics series (Goethe, Kleist, Büchner) the essentially unchanged text of the five-volume Hanser Schiller, thus maintaining their standards of reliable content as well as of elegance. Simultaneously, Hanser offer a three and Insel a four-volume selection. The former seems distinctly better value in solid Schiller- more of the works on better paper at the same price. Insel provide lengthier explanatory notes (at the cost of primary works) and more introductions: against Hanser's single *Nachwort*, a highly concentrated rather than highly readable piece by Gerhard Fricke, they offer the combined forces of Emil Staiger (on the stories), Golo Mann (on the historical writings) and Hans Mayer, who covers the rest.

The effect is rather bitty and occasionally disharmonious. Professor Mann's excellent reprinted essay describes the mature Schiller's withdrawal from contemporary events, while Professor Mayer in the same volume overstates, predictably, the importance of contemporary social and political influences. As a good Brechtian, Professor Mayer constantly has an eye on the danger of "intimidation by the classics". Provocative and plausible as ever, he honestly tries to find the modern reader some point of contact with Schiller, or at least (as it turns out) a basis for constructive alienation *from* him—a procedure which involves, incidentally ditching a couple of the plays straight off. This seems a slightly over-anxious and hasty package deal, and raises the question of what popular editions are for. Surely not just to provide matter for a literary balloon-game? It is one thing for an artist like Brecht to reshape classics, cocking an expedient snook at "historical understanding", but something less acceptable for a critic to make quite so free when negotiating with a presumedly Schiller-reluctant public. If it is *that* reluctant, and cannot be drawn to meet Schiller to some degree on his own ground (where Emil Staiger, again predictably, is invitingly at home) then perhaps any "popular edition" is a mistake or misnomer. It might serve Schiller better to leave his texts, unintroduced, to find their own level of value with the public.

M. Cannac, writing for a "Bibliothèque historique", has no doubts of the present value and interest of Schiller's early works, nor about their approachability through an understanding of the historical background and an analysis of the texts. This is telling the almost legendary story of Schiller's early hardships, escape and wanderings, and in the second half of the book examines in detail the three youthful dramas. Besides giving a routine account of their structure, he pays Schiller the compliment of taking them wholly seriously as social and metaphysical utterance, hinting with some of his formulations—perhaps inadvertently—at the existentialist lurking in Schiller. A discussion of the early essay on the theatre as a moral institution might have reinforced some of the themes M. Cannac develops; and he declines, oddly, to draw the threads together in a conclusion. But he has made good use of the limited bibliography which is his only overt scholarly ballast, and produced a readable statement of essentials for which nothing more is claimed.

Dr. Regin's book, with full panoply of footnotes and frequent quotations from secondary literature, is not so clearly a popularization, although he too has a largely familiar tale to tell. His main point seems to be the interrelation of the historical and philosophical thought: Schiller's "Aesthetic State" is the culmination of his thinking in both fields. Without any striking new points of detail to back it up (such as hitherto unnoticed parallels or developments) this is hardly an original insight. It is not clear whether the author thinks it is; he scrupulously synthesizes, rather than disagrees with, an imposing number of earlier studies. But agreement with so many, including the author of the latest massive synthesis, hardly argues his own work necessary. Dr. Regin's own contribution is never more than an adequate restatement of Schiller, and not always this. References to key concepts like "Ideal" and "Sublimity" suggest they are not fully understood. ("Harmonic [*sic*] sublimity" is a contradiction in Schillerian terms, for example.) It is not even certain the author grasps the precise relation between his title-words, which is that of genus to species. The work which makes this clear, *Anmut und Würde*, gets less than a page of attention. The author zealously seeks to connect Schiller with most writers and thinkers of his period; and almost everyone from Greek antiquity to the present day is quoted with little apparent awareness that words often differ in meaning according to their user and context. Schiller "would agree with Spinoza" and "would probably have agreed with Lenin"; even with Hegel, it seems, whose appearance in the context of Schiller's account of freedom is a desecration. This compulsion-to-success is not matched by exceptional penetration, so that the final analysis of the *Aesthetic Letters* adds nothing to our understanding. It ends with the obvious old objection that Schiller's theories are not practical enough, which misses the nature of his critique.

Dr. Nerjes's "unknown Schiller" proves to be nothing really new, his book being a description of Schiller's relations with various Weimar personalities (excluding Goethe) derived from recombing the correspondence. What emerges is of some but not of startling interest: above all it needs putting in perspective. Was Schiller right? Was he fair? Was he balanced? "The questions are referred to known facts and others' opinions about the personalities in question. While starting from Schiller's viewpoint in his letters, the approach is paradoxically divorced from continuous sympathy with him as a man, and has him piecemeal and detached on that aberration. It is not enough for assumptions and references to lean towards the desirable, recurrently flavoured with vinegar of "one cannot help" and "seems not to be realized". And how often Dr. Nerjes is "astonished"—at the inhumanity of a great writer, his ambition, his practical calculation, his striving for money and need for security, his changes of attitude and tendency between his private relations, people and his behaviour to them. No extenuation is made for Schiller's traumatizing effect on his always precarious health, nor even in the virtue of his flaws are the defects; there is no attempt to succeed. Nor are there any norms of Weimar society adduced adequately for comparison. Dr. Nerjes's information, it is offered at a price; for by rummaging too exclusively in the poet's dirty linen, we are left with the valet-mentality which Mrs. Visscher pointed out in the 1790s: why no man seems great to his valet.

GERMAN MOVEMENTS

Periods in German Literature. Edited by J. M. Ritchie. 320pp. Oswald Wolff. £2 5s.

In his preface the editor reports that he and his collaborators had their misgivings about going forward with the venture of examining German literature since 1600 in terms of periods and movements. Such doubts are understandable, for a normative approach can narrow rather than widen horizons; but students of literature will be grateful to them for their labours in summarizing and coordinating the writings of German and other critics in these fields and presenting a coherent and balanced picture of the issues.

R. B. Farrell's essay on "Problems of Periods and Movements" gives a lucid introduction to the more detailed sections that follow. In the larger sense there have probably been only two major periods since the Renaissance"; the mid-eighteenth century onwards is seen, for all its diversity, as containing an "atmosphere of crisis" not known in the earlier time.

The seventeenth century (J. H. Tisch-Wackernagel) is shown as divisible into areas of Pre-Baroque Classicism, Early Baroque, High Baroque ("this bulky main compartment") and Late Baroque. R. H. Samuel offers a concise presentation of Rococo, which is seen as an attitude rather than a movement. The linking together of Enlightenment and Storm und Stress (I. D. Stowell) is not altogether expected, and authors and works associated with the latter term seem to be diminished by this treatment. The discussion of Classicism (R. B. Farrell), including implications of the word outside as well as within German literature, is rewarding. Lawrence Ryan tackles the chapter on Romanticism. The usefulness of the label "Biedermeier" is doubted by M. J. Norst; "German Realism in all its forms is very different from what is usually understood by the term". J. M. Ritchie contributes the section on Realism. There does not appear to be any overwhelming reason why the period after Romanticism and before Naturalism should not be seen as one unit. G. Schulz demonstrates that Naturalism can be accepted as a distinctive landmark, even for writers of major impact was short-lived. Ian Wiles writes mainly about Gerhart Hauptmann and Rilke, while the chapter "The Turn of the Century", however, the sections on Symbolism and Expressionism, which bracket it on either side, take the one and the other.

Neo-Romanticism forms the concluding his essay. Ritchie writes that "the critics of Expressionist's work is to be found not in the aspect of aesthetic or ethical standards, but in terms of his own view of life", of experience and his "longing for that experience". The Justice, Good Order, and Peace (rounded off by a thought does not even quote Dr. Ehrenberg some trends in German on this). Dr. West dates the *Theogony* between 730 and 700 B.C., and since 1945 by Rodney Livingstone believes that Hesiod wrote his poem

Is it possible to do justice down or, if not, dictated it. This is at the same time be admirable. But Dr. West also revives in fencing movements the suggestion that it was the poem authors themselves are with which Hesiod won the prize at the difficulties, and make the funeral games of Amphidamas at large claims. Chalcis—surely a most unlikely

WORDSWORTHY

BERNARD GROOM: *The Unity of Wordsworth's Poetry.* 224pp. Macmillan. 35s.

"The neglect of Wordsworth's later poetry has been tolerated too long." It is a brave opening to what is not the first, and will not be the last, attempt to rehabilitate Wordsworth's perfectly competent later work. Arnold is naturally the villain of the piece, his concept of the Great Decade—"between 1798 and 1808 almost all [Wordsworth's] really first-rate work was produced"—being condemned as "This sweeping statement, still widely accepted". And yet if Professor Groom is prepared to make a list of the "really first-rate" poems from Wordsworth's early period, and place it next to whatever seems to him comparable in the last forty-two years, the results should be obvious enough. If Arnold's definition does need to be modified, it is in the opposite direction: the Great Decade should step back one year to include the first drafts of "The Ruined Cottage" and "Old Cumberland Beggar" (1797), at the expense of "The Tuft of Primroses" (1808).

Professor Groom's book takes the form of a more or less chronological run-through of Wordsworth's poetry. The early chapters, dealing with the poems of 1790-97, the two volumes of *Lyrical Ballads*, *The Prelude* and *Poems 1807*, are not very exciting. The book is short, and there is no time for detailed analysis. Professor Groom has read little recent criticism. His theme of unity leads him to slant the poetry towards the later, Christian Wordsworth, and to prefer the final versions of early poems. His case for the 1850 as opposed to the 1805 *Prelude* is wholly unconvincing that "the great Sea . . . *Was*" should be changed to "*Heaved* at safe distance . . ."—and no knowledge is shown of H. L. Lindenberger's able discussion of the subject. There are occasional lapses of scholarship: it is amusing for instance to hear apropos of lines in *Excursion* Book I that "Wordsworth has adapted one of the culminating passages in Book II of *The Prelude* on his own adolescent love of Nature to the Theistic beliefs of the Scottish peasant . . ." (both passages were written for *The Pedlar* in March, 1798). But more damaging in general terms is the lack of critical balance: "Seldom", Professor Groom writes of *Peter Bell*, "has the transformation of a sub-human brute into a living soul been traced with such subtle originality." But in his paraphrase of Peter's journey towards redemption he makes no distinction whatever between imaginative terrors that are the creation of guilt (the leaf following in the wind, the drops of blood on the ground), and the ludicrous, Hardyesque use of coincidence (the underground explosions, so much better suited to the *Gothic Tale* where they first appear, and the sudden "Repent! repent!" heard through the tabernacle door). Peter is being led to salvation, and the "subtle originality" must be taken on trust. For Professor Groom, though he treats it after *The Excursion* and is committed to thinking of it as 1819 not 1798, *Peter Bell* is "Wordsworth's first great poem on the holiness of the heart's affections".

The last part of the book pays devoted attention to every sonnet,

CATULLUS TRANSLATED

Catullus. Translated by C. H. Sisson. 93pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.

No Latin poet has attracted more attention recently than Catullus. He appears at a first full reading as a gale of liberation to schoolboys, a poetic revolutionary and enemy of the sublime, an utmost of sophistication, simple, strong, savage and sweet, the Sivovitz of literature. The truth of course is not so romantic, though in a way it is more amazing: a true understanding of Catullus requires at least second-hand learning on a large scale, and a degree of scholarly acumen. His language is by no means even as it looks, nor is his rhythm smooth nor his intellectual apparatus innocent. His poetry depends more closely than that of any other poet until the contemporaries of Dante or of English until Donne on a variation of the tone and timing of his voice. and on a strongly varied linguistic gesture. He is therefore among the most difficult of all poets to translate to think of this as a monotone of modern English poetry. His obscenity is, appealing, his anger is in a way sympathetic, in every aspect of his work there is a formal, technical power which commands respect and attracts curiosity. It is a function of this power, rather than of his subject-matter, that he can communicate so immediately with anyone who knows Latin. There are other poets as angry and as obscene. The understanding of Catullus is the understanding of a great poet. Mr. Sisson's translation represents an effective practitioner and interesting individual, but it has more sense of Catullus than it has of Shakespeare. It is not simply the stumbling over famous lines like

"Living, dear Lesbia, is useless without loving", for *vivamus mea Lesbia atque amemus*, or the mistranslations like "scented with Syrian olives" for *Syria fragrans oliva*; it is not simply the recurrence of indigestible little lumps of translators' English like "with hurrying feet" and "to loose a virgin's belt"; the trouble is really a lack of scholarship in Latin and the inadequacy in English to communicate great poetry.

Mr. Sisson's translation will serve a purpose; his English is like that of a very good schoolmaster, and anyone who wants to know what Catullus was talking about will find out painlessly from this translation. It can hardly stand on its own for any merit except the adventitious one of lesbo words and curious practices; it is a decent piece of work, but no lesser poet than Catullus can speak about such things without being mildly disgusting. The publisher has unfortunately emphasized this dodgy situation with a too orgiastic cover-design.

Plotinus I and *Plotinus II*, the two latest volumes in the Loeb Classical Library (Heinemann, 25s. each), contain Porphyry's *Life of Plotinus* and the first two of the six *Enneads*. The text is based on that of Henry and Schwyzer, and besides the introductory note to each treatise, the translator, Professor A. H. Armstrong, gives in his general preface an outline of the systematic philosophy which is assumed to be familiar to the readers of these unsystematic treatises.

HESIOD'S GODS

HESIOD: *Theogony.* Edited with Prolegomena and Commentary by M. L. West. 459pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £4 10s.

Hesiod's *Theogony* is an extraordinary poem for us the first codification of the system of Greek gods and heroes, which in its main lines has remained standard ever since. An up-to-date text with full introduction and commentary is therefore very welcome. Dr. West claims that his text "is based on acquaintance with a much larger number of manuscript sources than has been available to other editors, including many new papyri". This is certainly a very good text and many points of detail are right as against Rzach's Teubner, but the gain is not enormous. It would have been helpful to have had a list of divergences from the Teubner, especially as, since the commentary is not printed under the text, one has to have the Teubner text open when reading Dr. West's notes.

The introduction starts with a very wide review of Theogonic poetry (it is perhaps unfair to recall the late Alfred Körte's *mot*: need the Bantus have been bothered?). At first one misses Hittites, Hurrians, and Canaanites, but they duly turn up in the next section on Myths, because they are vital for the Succession of Rulers in heaven. If a good deal of Oriental matter got into Hesiod, the problem is how. Dr. West says that "it is reasonable and indeed necessary to assume that the Succession Myth, in its essential framework, was handed down" by the Greek poetic tradition from the Bronze Age. This is an attractive conjecture rather than a necessary assumption; and, of course, it does not preclude the possibility that Hesiod clothed the essential framework with new detail in the eighth century: Dr. West might at least have discussed what is implied by the new late dating of Enuma Elish and by the strong Oriental connexions of Athens and Euboea in the eighth century.

He continues with a useful classification of the "gods" in the *Theogony*. He is not quite satisfactory in his treatment of his sixth class, "abstractions", and he does not really bring out the extreme importance, for Hesiod and his world, of his identification of the Seasons with Justice, Good Order, and Peace (the Horai). Dr. West dates the *Theogony* between 730 and 700 B.C., and believes that Hesiod wrote his poem down or, if not, dictated it. This is the suggestion that it was the poem with which Hesiod won the prize at the funeral games of Amphidamas at Chalcis—surely a most unlikely occasion for a Theogonic poem, and the lines describing the contest suggest clearly an epic which included Troy. The ordinary reader is left with a desire to know more about this extraordinary poet and the world he wrote for, but is given very little; Dr. West in a gay note banishes even Hesiod's sheep to traditional fiction.

A very long section on the transmission of the text is followed by short sections on style, vocabulary and metre. These are crammed with factual detail but they do not present a clear general picture of how Hesiod puts his poem together, what is the significance of ring-composition and word-association and balancing scenes, what is the implication of his epic dialect, or why he has varied the rhythm of the Homeric hexameter.

The commentary is full and detailed, and only a few minor points can be noticed here. The Muses gave Hesiod a staff (or allowed him to cut himself a staff) of bay. This is the mark of a reciter of hexameters; Archilochos, a lyric poet, claims that they gave him a lyre. The distinction does not come clear in Dr. West's note, and he says (with no reference) that on vases rhapsodes either hold a lyre or a plain staff; but if they hold a lyre, they are not rhapsodes. The explanation of the different 1,500 that he did not give fire to the ash-trees for men" is very ingenious but grammatically hard. The note on Pandora's wreath decorated with animals "like living animals with voices" is unfortunate: "in Geometric art, realistic portrayal is not attempted, and this formula was presumably coined in the subsequent period". We think Geometric art unrealistic, but we have no evidence that Hesiod did, and in any case this is a magic wreath made by Hephaestus like the golden girls in Homer. But most of the annotation is excellent and full of learning.

The quarrel which the intelligent reader will feel is not with Dr. West but with the tradition of monster commentaries. Here nearly 300 pages of commentary are used for just more than 1,000 lines of verse. Far too many parallels are quoted, and far too much bibliography is given. No typographical distinction is made between textual commentary, grammatical commentary and commentary on the subject matter, so that it is not easy to skip what one does not want. The new commentary on Euripides's *Helen*, which gives the reader just what he wants, deals with the 1,692 lines of that difficult play in just 100 pages. Could Dr. West be persuaded to produce an *editio minor*?

CICERO'S ORATORY

M. Tulli Ciceronis Brutus. Edited by A. E. Douglas. 260pp. Oxford University Press. £3 3s.
R. E. SMITH: *Cicero the Statesman.* 269pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 5s.

The study of Cicero has been inching forward detail by detail since before the war. There is now an incomplete but at least an important series of commented texts; the manuscript tradition of most of Cicero's writings has been clarified; the rhythms of his language and the quirks of his policies can be observed and understood in the framework of a much subtler and more comprehensive view of Latin prose and of Roman history than was the case in the nineteenth century. Mr. Douglas's commentary on the *Brutus* is a most welcome addition to this scholarly armoury. His notes are sharp and precise, his introduction is lucid, cogent and valuable, and his handling of the text he prints (fundamentally that of Wilkins) is solid though conservative. Mr. Douglas's original emendations are sensible and closely reasoned; most of his changes represent a return to the text of the *Laudensis*.

The *Brutus* is a controversial dialogue: what it presents is a theory of rhetoric disguised as a history of the subject, a theory which had political implications in its day. To write in 46 or 47 B.C. a treatise in favour of the grand style in oratory was to express devotion to a particular political tradition, and really to an entire atmosphere of politics, which in those years was threatened and was soon to be doomed. Developed Ciceronian oratory is just as much the product of particular political circumstances as early Aristophanic comedy. In the period of the great oratorical treatises these circumstances had recently passed away. It is possible that even now the degree of one's sympathy with Cicero as a writer depends as much on social and political attitudes as if he were an eighteenth or nineteenth-century author. The style is the politics and the politics are the man.

The *Brutus* follows the *Republic*, a sublimely nostalgic work which embodied a more directly political statement of the same misguided themes. At this time Julius Caesar's star was near to its ominous climacteric; the traditional oligarchic apparatus of Roman government into which Cicero had climbed and with which he was identified had no future. He was a mature and politically distinguished, still honey-lipped writer and speaker, yet he must occupy himself in theoretic treatises, in pleading cases before Caesar, in encouraging the declamatory exercises of young hopefuls and eating dinners with them, in writing resentful letters and finally after Caesar's death in the Philippics against Mark Antony, which were not so much a series of literary compositions as a desperate political undertaking. But the *Brutus* and the *Orator* have still a valedictory quality; they are the profuse distillations of Cicero's understanding of his own calling, and they are impregnated with both the weakness and the extraordinary strength of that conception. In 46 Cicero was divorced, in 45 Tullia died, and he devoted himself to philosophy. When Caesar was murdered Cicero was already *hors du jeu*; events had bypassed him, his brief and fatal reemergence was an act of despair, conceived with bitterness. The moment of the *Brutus* had been the last afterglow of his success.

It was an astonishing work. The idea of presenting the theory of political oratory as the history of an art form seems to have been Cicero's personal invention; it was uniquely suitable to his purpose and it deployed his strength. He wrote with a remarkable historic accuracy, which Mr. Douglas defends and underlines; his range of reading and of critical judgment was wide, and among his own contemporaries he moves with the convincing confidence of a supreme critic. His enthusiasm for oratory was not exclusively political; at this moment in his career it was fundamentally an aesthetic devotion, an enthusiasm for his own art. He would rather compose a speech than ride in a triumph; he would rather be Phidias than a roofmaker. The language in which the *Brutus* is written is a tour de force of Latin, and Mr. Douglas's commentary on it is tactful, accurate and interesting; it is hard to see how we have done without this edition for so long.

Cicero the Statesman is a thinner and less interesting subject. Professor Smith takes a rather old-fashioned liberal and heroic view of Cicero's career, drawn from his own understanding of the fundamental factors in Roman history in this period, and from Cicero's writings. He writes pleasantly and weightily, without a single footnote or reference, so that one has the impression of a popular lecturer. His interpretation is consistent and thoughtful, though not startling. It is interesting to have an account of Cicero in which, for example, some importance is given to the historical role of the provincial Italians; but the narrative form of this book is almost too smooth, and its picture of Cicero somewhat naively sympathetic. Professor Smith accepts Cicero's bourgeois illusions at their face value. "Thus cruelly was shattered Cicero's last attempt to save the Republic." It is not a good kind of sentence. But the narrative form has its advantages and Professor Smith's work is likely to be widely read. The more detailed and argumentative work which one hopes will soon displace it will be harder to read as well as to write.

ANCIENT AND MODERN

Ancient Society and its Institutions. Studies presented to Victor Ehrenberg on his seventy-fifth birthday. 312pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £3 3s.

It is not often that the character of a Festschrift is so dominated by the personality of its recipient as this collection of studies in ancient history presented to Professor Ehrenberg on his seventy-fifth birthday. His own life of scholarship has been divided between Germany, Czechoslovakia and England (since 1939). The sequence of movements and dates tells its own story, which has never been reflected by any trace of bitterness in Professor Ehrenberg's work. It has no doubt, however, sharpened his perceptions of the underlying tendencies in the ancient political systems to which he has devoted his scholarship, particularly Athens and Sparta. The same acuteness is apparent in a number of the contributions to *Ancient Society and its Institutions*, some of them by his own pupils.

Professor Ehrenberg's special interests are apparent in the distribution of the papers. Nine out of eighteen are concerned with the development and deterioration of Athenian democracy, ranging from well-trodden ground like the Solonian crisis (Professor R. J. Hopper) or Periclean imperialism (H. B. Mattingly) to such technical problems of interpretation as the size of private estates in Attica (G. E. M. de Ste Croix and Dr. D. M. Lewis, in different contexts) or the voting procedure at the election of the Generals (Dr. E. S. Staveley). Of the remaining half of the contributions, four deal with Sparta, mostly on familiar topics, though Professor Wade-Gery pursues the more recondite theme of re-examining the identification and date of the war between Sparta and the Messenians which forms the subject of a lost epic by Rhianos. The list of contributions is completed by two on Rome and one each on Troy, the Etruscans, and Alexander the Great. Although on the margin of Professor Ehrenberg's published work, all of them owe something to the illumination of his learning.

It would be absurd to look for a comprehensive doctrine of ancient history in a miscellany of this kind. Nevertheless one or two themes can be seen consistently recurring. One is the continuing rehabilitation of the best of the ancient sources, particularly Herodotus and Thucydides, as the volume of independent evidence about the ancient world increases. Instead of arguing that they "must" have been mistaken or have meant something different from what they said, modern scholars are inclined to examine their words more closely and to take them at precisely their face-value, as Professor Scullard does with Herodotus on the Etruscans and Professor Sealey with Thucydides on the origin of the Delian League.

The second recurrent theme is the reciprocal illumination of ancient history and modern experience. It is undoubtedly easier for the twentieth century A.D. than it was for the nineteenth century to understand the fifth century B.C. To quote only two examples: "We have learned in this generation . . . not to regard ancient Hellenic life as entirely compounded of reason and light" (Professor G. L. Huxley); and "The student must beware of the dogmas of sentimental liberalism" (Professor Sealey) A significant contribution to these salutary but painful awakenings has been made by Professor Ehrenberg's life and work.

BERNARD FALL
Born France 1926 *Died Vietnam 1967*

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SCIENCE DIGESTED

ISAAC ASIMOV: *The New Intelligent Man's Guide to Science.* 864pp. Nelson. £3 3s.

The New Treasury of Science. Edited by Harlow Shapley, Samuel Rapport and Helen Wright. Foreword by C. P. Snow. 768pp. Collins. 42s.

The *New Treasury of Science* and Isaac Asimov's *New Intelligent Man's Guide to Science* are aimed at more or less the same audience, and each will inevitably draw some of the fire from the other. Both are new and longer versions of books which have appeared before, but being the work of a single author, Dr. Asimov's is immeasurably more successful in keeping abreast of these fast-changing scientific times. It is encyclopedic in scope, and from it the reader may learn a great deal of science. Quasars, lasers, and thermonuclear reactors have all been found a place in the new edition, along with the DNA molecule and genetic coding. Readers who, like the author, believe that the concept of "noble gases" is unsuited to a democratic society, will be glad to learn that since the first edition Xenon and Krypton have been compounded with at least two other elements.

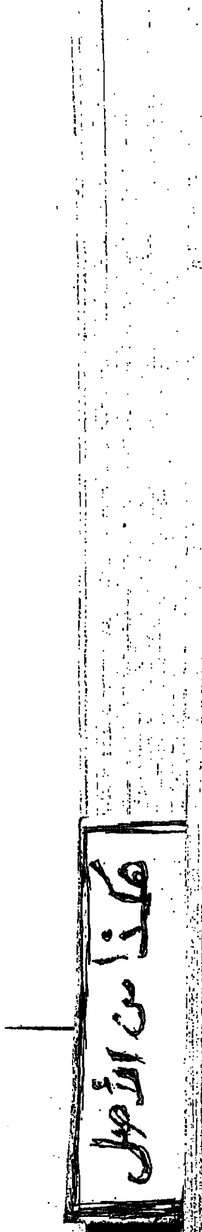
With the exception of a few rather unsatisfactory pages this is a scientific digest rather than a book *about* science. Of its kind it is as good as anything currently available, although the first part, on the physical sciences, is rather less satisfactory than the second, on the biological sciences. (The quantum theory, for instance, is given space disproportionately small to its importance: but perhaps this is a consequence of its being intrinsically indigestible.) The general reader who wants to know what makes scientists tick, however, is likely to find it less helpful than an anthology like the *New Treasury*. The two are therefore to some extent complementary. What is most conspicuously absent from one is absent from both, namely an historical sense. In this respect, being the more pretentious, Dr. Asimov's book is to be criticized the more. But putting history aside, it is impossible not to be impressed by the way in which the author has managed to provide his subject with a unity which Hegel might have envied, and with a fine collection of half-tone illustrations, whose only fault, indeed, is to give an occasional impression that all scientific activity has ceased outside the United States of America.

Scientists themselves are usually embarrassed by the hagiography found in most popular expositions of their art, or are impatient with it, and these new collections of pop-science are not likely to be found on many laboratory shelves. This is unfortunate, for scientists are an earnest lot, not given to looking in mirrors, especially those which emphasize the human predicament.

Quite unintentionally, *The New Treasury of Science*, a collection of more than eighty pieces, does just that. The tragedy of the life of Galois might be thought less readable than that of Hamlet; but it was no less real. The irrational but glorious bravado of Louis Slotin, who died in averting a nuclear disaster, is a familiar sort of thing, but in a context quite unfamiliar to most of us. In the story of the Piltdown hoax, the reader may chuckle at the scientist's dishonesty. In at least half a dozen chapters the scientist reveals his potentiality for being an old-fashioned bore—the more earnest, the more boring. Above all, he is a clubbable man, a fact which makes this sort of anthology possible.

C. P. Snow has persuaded us (and one of his essays is included here) that the club—Science—is a culture. Whether this is so, and if so whether his culture is one of two, or one of a hundred, is beside the point. There is *something* which makes an essay on lobsters (T. H. Huxley) fit harmoniously with one on the discovery of radium (Eve Curie), and which makes another of T. H. Huxley's contributions—"We are all scientists"—seem patently false. (Whether we are pawns in the scientific game, like J. H. Glenn Jr., who reports on the test objectives for the M.A.6 mission of Friendship 7, is another matter.) Perhaps it is becoming less false, as time goes on. The test objective for the *New Treasury of Science* mission is that it should do so. This is not by any means the first mission: the operational suitability of the book has been subjected to remedial action as the result of changing design concepts on five occasions since 1943. This updating has to some extent liquidated earlier malfunctions. But there are still many fossils from the golden age of popular scientific exposition—as, for instance, those pieces by Bertrand Russell, A. S. Eddington, and J. B. S. Haldane; there are still many simple, if rather bitty, excerpts from the living writings of scientists both past and present—such as, Benjamin Franklin, Edward Jenner and Charles Darwin; and there are still many examples of good modern writing—as by W. B. Cannon and, of course, C. P. Snow. The audience, therefore, eager to be led through the labyrinth of modern science, will not be disappointed. The poor quality of editorial comment will allow them to accept a few ideas which are now scientifically outmoded, and in the end they will, in fact, know very little more science than when they began. But the chances are that they will feel invigorated by this exercise in science therapy.

Volume XXVII of *The Year's Work in Modern Language Studies* covering work published in 1965, largely resembles its predecessor, though a separate section has been introduced for work on Dante (in his centenary year) and nineteenth and twentieth-century Russian literature are now divided at 1900 instead of 1917. Polish literature and Serbo-Croat studies make their appearance, the latter after a gap of some years. The Italian seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are the most important section to be postponed. Mr. Orton complains in his introduction that it has been difficult to get the necessary Latin-American material, and begs authors and publishers to be more helpful. The volume is published by the Modern Humanities Research Association and is available from that body's Hon. Treasurer at Downing College, Cambridge.



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WATCHING VATICAN II

JOHN MOORMAN: *Vatican Observed.* An Anglican Impression of Vatican II. 213pp. Darton, Longman and Todd. 30s. (Paperback, 16s.)

Vatican II is over. During its length the very full press reports, some critical but most of them sympathetically understanding, have been read. Books, some descriptive and most of them making some attempt to assess the possible results, have appeared. Everywhere ecclesiastical eyes have not been alone in turning on the Pope, the national hierarchies, the parish clergy and on every aspect of Roman Catholic life, watching for this or that loosening of tension which will show that the Council is having its effect. Pope John cannot possibly have realized that the extraordinary result of his Council would be such wide concern, and Pope Paul's caution, which was at times interpreted as an attempt to balk the liberal-minded among the assembled bishops, was much more probably an appreciation of the vast public concern. He knew that the Council was functioning before a very mixed public, most of whose members had little real knowledge of the Roman Church outside controversial literature, and among them there would be people who would expect the leopard immediately to change its spots and become Protestant overnight.

Probably the real trouble was the sheer size of the Roman Church; it was spread across the world; almost everywhere its problems were different, and in some areas its bishops would know nothing of Protestantism, not even of the Anglican Church which, though much smaller, was also world-wide. In such circumstances it was most difficult to discuss Ecumenism, which was one of the problems that most interested the world at large. If while the Council lasted there was obvious danger that it could be misunderstood, now that it is over there is an equal danger that its results should be expected immediately, and extravagant hopes be raised. Among the Protestant Churches the Ecumenical Movement has been at work for some fifty years, and now that the Roman Church is taking part the progress might conceivably be faster, but the measure of progress made in those fifty years is a warning that it all takes time. Part of that warning lies in the fact that the author of this delightful book had to cancel a visit to Northern Ireland there are areas into which even the Ecumenical Movement has so far scarcely penetrated. This book, one of the best that has so far been written about the Council, may do something to promote understanding, for its account of the proceedings from the point of view of an official observer is marked always by Christian sympathy.

The Observers, who included some of the most eminent theologians in the non-Roman world, were in the strange position of being often thoroughly familiar with problems which were new to the assembled bishops. They knew, for example, a variety of methods of Church government which did not include an autocratic centre; they were familiar with a wide range of methods of worship in which the laity took part and in which the vernacular was used; they had experience of a long tradition of untrammelled biblical scholarship and its relation to ecclesiastical faith and experience; or they knew from one position or another almost everything there is to be said about the position of laity in the Church. But they could only listen, sometimes to hear with amused interest the Roman Church feeling its way towards novelties of thought or method which they themselves had inherited and used from a long past.

Bishop Moorman [illegible] touch makes all this [illegible] occasional good story. There [illegible] an exasperated and very [illegible] Cardinal who is said [illegible] to have directed his [illegible] He constantly records the [illegible] of the Observers, and the [illegible] underlines the problems [illegible] Council was facing. It was [illegible] sees, just a matter of [illegible] against liberals, but of an [illegible] important Christian Church [illegible] look sincerely at the [illegible] modern world and yet be [illegible] the past was not reckless [illegible] There was clearly a deep [illegible] responsibility in the Council [illegible] book which is so fair and [illegible] be very widely read, and [illegible] might appear in translation [illegible] it seems that a version [illegible] which had hitherto by [illegible] assumed to be a universal [illegible] tical language, need not [illegible]

Bishop Moorman [illegible] firm grasp of the Council's [illegible] occupation with facing the [illegible] of the modern world and [illegible] healing of divisions, was [illegible] combined to make one point [illegible] was made extremely clear [illegible] long history during which [illegible] by Trent and Vatican I, the [illegible] Church had gone its own [illegible] recklessly careless of [illegible] which it was erecting as [illegible] future attempt to end the [illegible] divisions. But the Bishop [illegible] vinced that some progress [illegible] in both doctrine and practice [illegible] can be no doubt", he writes, [illegible] this Second Vatican Council [illegible] future, be regarded as a [illegible] turning-points in the history [illegible] Christian Church, not only [illegible] Church of Rome."

STICKING WITH IT

ALBERT H. VAN DEN DRUVEL: *The Humiliation of the Church.* 192pp. SCM Press. 15s.

Even on a second reading, and with some of the essays it has been a third, the thought of this collection of papers seems difficult and more unhappy than one would have expected from the Youth Secretary of the World Council of Churches. It seems dominated by the thought of "the death of the Church" and by "religionless Christianity". The author is haunted by the notion of "renewal", though he never quite gets clear what he has in mind. He is disappointed with the meagre result of "house churches" or "worker priests", and yet he does not mean that he thinks such ideas should displace the traditional congregations. He finds no Hymns available for the new "secular world", and says so more than once, but does not notice the attempts made, say, by the Salvation Army, or by the Beaumont Mass, or in the play *A Man Dies*, in which Youth keeps on trying. Here and there he might find a few rifts in the clouds. The Church is still saving and inspiring some young people.

It could be that phrases like "the death of the Church" (to say nothing of "the death of God") or "religionless Christianity" have set too many religious thinkers seriously on the wrong track, tempting them to look for some almost magical "renewal" after which all will be well. The truth is that Christianity has always been struggling to keep its head above water. Christ warned his disciples that their course in the world would not be smooth, and in fact all but one of them were martyred. "Tempora pessima, hora novissima" has been a pretty constant theme. At one time in England things seemed so desperate that the Chronicler wrote: "Men said openly that Christ and his saints slept." At another, only 200 years ago, Bishop Butler, the see of Canterbury [illegible] that it was "too late to [illegible] Church", and at just about [illegible] time John Wesley found [illegible] his preaching neither in the [illegible] of England nor in the Free [illegible] Yet the Church continued, and, *pace* those who thought [illegible] for the first time have done [illegible] social Gospel, all through [illegible] managed to do quite well [illegible] and heal those who suffered [illegible] hardness of the "secular [illegible]

In his poem "The Ballad [illegible] White Horse" Chesterton [illegible] our time when he wrote: "[illegible] be thrice night over you, [illegible] an iron cope. Do you [illegible] out a cause, yea, fail [illegible] hope." There seems [illegible] that too many modern [illegible] miss both the joy and [illegible]

CARMELITE SAINT

JAMES NORBURY: *Warrior in Chains.* St. Thérèse of Lisieux. 240pp. Kimber. £2 10s.

James Norbury has written a well-meant but singularly slipshod volume, redeemed by occasional brilliant flashes of understanding; a kind of fictionalized meditation on the life of Ste. Thérèse of Lisieux, couched in a twentieth-century equivalent of her own idiom. The author, who is plainly moved by awe and devotion, gives vivid descriptions of the Normandy countryside within reach of which the little Thérèse Martin was brought up, broods upon some—but not all—of the events chronicled in the autobiography written under obedience and ably translated by Ronald Knox, and adds a number of imaginary conversations and reflections attributed to various characters, including "the neighbours", the severe Fr. Révérony and the young saint's fellow Carmelites. Mr. Norbury also appraises the Martin parents, but as there are no detailed references to source material it is hard to know on what he bases his dislike of the unfortunate father. He follows the later biographers in saying that Louis Martin died of a series of strokes. The earlier diagnosis of general paralysis of the insane would explain the poor man's original decision to have a brother and sister marriage, and account for the early deaths of so many of the children.

The book is marked by such palpable inaccuracies that the reader interested in facts is alas more likely to be irritated than edified. Thus, for instance, it is simply untrue to say that the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius are a form of Yoga, and that there were no "painkilling drugs" to be had in the 1870s, when laudanum was much easier to get than it is now. In view of all this it is difficult to know what can be accepted, and what is a kind of film scenario background created by the author. Were there really "torches" on the table at a late nineteenth-century dinner? Candelabra or ornate gas or oil lamps would seem more probable. Did the saint really have a dog rejoicing in the unlikely English name of Tom? These are small points but prickly ones for anyone who wants to know what actually went on.

Though there is a good deal of discussion about which photographs of Ste. Thérèse were genuine and which touched up, not one is reproduced. The frontispiece is a drawing which has some likeness to that elderly heroic philosopher-Carmelite Edith Stein, but none to the young French girl whose name it bears. Here as in the rest of the book it is to be wished that those who undertook all the [illegible] affectionate work involved [illegible] lized that the greatest [illegible] truth based on factual [illegible]

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LAND OF EGYPT

GABRIEL S. SAAB: *The Egyptian Agrarian Reform, 1952-1962.* 236pp. Oxford University Press, for Chatham House. £2 10s.

The introduction of the Egyptian Agrarian Reform law of 1952 was one of the few acts of the country's revolutionary leadership with which no one seems disposed to quarrel. Indeed, many would argue that the demands of social justice and the continued high level of population increase alike made some action of this sort inevitable. And yet in spite of all the attention focused upon it very little is known about how the reform actually worked in practice. Put in the most general terms, was it a success or a failure? So far this has not been a question which it has been possible to answer with any show of confidence. But now, with the appearance of Mr. Saab's book, the first detailed study in English of the first ten years of the reform, we are in a much better position to do so.

The author starts off with certain advantages. For one thing, he himself farmed in the Egyptian Delta from 1948 to 1955 so that, unlike many academic writers on agricultural subjects, he gives the impression that he would know a turnip or a field of hybrid maize if he saw one. He also shows much ability in organizing his material. But, most important of all when dealing with the economy of a country for which detailed information and above all reliable statistics are so scarce, he has been in a position to obtain first-hand evidence of the operations of the land reform programme through half of the regional administrative centres established to implement the provisions of the 1952 law. In the nature of things much of what he learnt must be taken on trust. And yet if there is to be one major criticism of this method it is that he is very sparing with the details of how he obtained his material. Confidence is not increased by the fact that, throughout the book, he presents a number of general statements about some of the most controversial aspects of Egyptian agricultural development without references of any kind. It would be interesting, for example, to learn the source for his assertion that crop yields on the fields affected by the reform did not decline and may even have advanced over the first eight years.

The heart of Egypt's land reform programme, as Mr. Saab points out, was the system by which the peasants were given plots of expropriated land in exchange for an obligation to join the local cooperative and to follow the advice of the Ministry experts. As a result of this compromise, cultivators were left with the personal incentive which came from being allowed to work with some freedom in their own fields; while, at the same time, there was an increase in efficiency due to the compulsory introduction of a triennial rotation designed to preserve the fertility of the soil, and to the consolidation of the growth of each particular crop on one area of village land so as to permit the collective treatment of certain common problems, like pest control, which had been extremely difficult to deal with when the peasants had owned small isolated holdings.

The author's own field research forms the basis for an analysis of the results of the first decade of this experiment. According to Mr. Saab the 1952 reform had three main objectives. One, which was certainly achieved, was the satisfaction of the land hunger of a section of the rural population. There was also a considerable rise in money incomes (perhaps as much as 50 per cent between 1951-52 and 1958-59) although some of the credit for this must go to the concomitant increase in agricultural prices. On the other hand, progress towards the third objective, the improvement of the productive capacity of the rural communities affected by the reform, was, in his view, very slow indeed. This was due, in part, to the neglect of certain suggestions which will be familiar to readers of Mr. Saab's earlier works, notably the diversification of production by the introduction of high-value, labour-intensive crops and the wider use of agricultural machines. But not as important as this view were certain failures of leadership among the staff of the reform, upon whose tact and skill the smooth running of such a permissive system almost entirely depended. One result was that peasants were not persuaded to spend any of their extra income on long-term investments designed to improve the quality of their holdings. It is not the least of the author's virtues that he is prepared to draw attention to this and other shortcomings, although how far they may have been repaired since 1962 we cannot, of course, be told.

Mr. Saab ends with a brief survey of the situation immediately before the second great wave of reform measures in 1961, when the maximum size of the holdings permitted by law was further reduced. No such drastic action was necessary from an economic point of view, he believes, for there were still many opportunities for constructive advance within the existing framework of agrarian tenure. Looking back from the vantage point of the present day it is difficult not to agree. Leaving politics aside, the one really important agricultural development of recent years was not the redistribution of another quarter of a million acres but rather the extension to the whole of rural Egypt of the system of supervised cooperatives pioneered in the original agrarian reform districts, the evolution of which Mr. Saab has so admirably described.

LANDS OF AFRICA

J. M. O'CONNOR: *An Economic Geography of East Africa.* 292pp. G. Bell. 35s.

Very few books on East Africa have been written by academic geographers, far fewer than on the west. Nakorere is beginning to supply the deficiency; D. N. McMaster's *Subsistence Crop Geography of Uganda* appeared in 1962, and now A. M. O'Connor follows up his *Railways and Development in Uganda*, published in 1965, with this broader study of the distribution of economic activities in Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda.

Having been administered by Britain for upwards of forty years, and having formed a customs union for a similar period, the three countries are closely interrelated. Their railways, airways and postal services, customs, excise and currency are the responsibility of a Common Services Organization. They trade among themselves much more than do most other African territories and together form a conveniently integrated economic unit for a study of this kind. At the same time, the broad contrasts in size and position, physical environment and political conditions provide opportunities for discussing the differential effects of these factors on development.

The economy of East Africa is discussed on peasant agriculture (90 per cent of the people living and working on their own small farms. Livestock contribute at least 7 per cent of the gross domestic product. Manufacturing has made only a little progress and one learns that in terms of value added the most important commodity manufactured in East Africa is beer. The distributional patterns that emerge are more complicated than in West Africa probably because of the diversity of the East African environment in comparison with the broad latitudinal zoning of the west. Productive activity is concentrated in islands of development to an even greater extent than in many other parts of the continent. As the region reduces its dependence on subsistence production and on overseas exports, and more production for local sale develops, the influence of the internal markets provided by these islands on the pattern of economic activities will, it is argued, become stronger.

Dr. O'Connor's book is a clear and up-to-date account of East Africa's economic geography. Two of the maps could be criticized because it is difficult to distinguish the symbols for millet and sorghum and likewise for arabica and robusta coffee. The statement that the 380,000 Asians in East Africa are three-quarters of all those living on the African continent would seem to be incorrect. These are, however, small matters.

WORDS ABOUT WORDS

Current Trends in Linguistics. Edited by Thomas A. Sebeok. Associate Editor: Charles A. Ferguson. Volume III: Theoretical Foundations. 537pp. The Hague: Mouton.

The appearance of this book—one of a series of volumes on linguistics, most of whose titles indicate a much more technical scope than this—prompts one to consider how much the technical details of a science have to contribute to human culture. There can be no doubt that the mere accumulation of facts has no cultural value: nor have detailed specifications of the techniques by which these facts are gathered. On the other hand, the general principles of a science, the principal theories currently being discussed, do form part of that body of knowledge in which a well-furnished mind should feel at home. The articles collected in this heterogeneous volume span the whole of this range.

Though one can understand the economics behind the practice, the publication of codices of this kind as if they were books is to be deplored. Within one pair of covers we are presented with one or two very interesting and original discourses on the workings of human language, one or two introvert pieces extracted from the murmur of the specialist hive, and one very useful textbook of mathematics dealing with topics which tend to get left out of the usual curriculum but which are relevant to the study of language. This last, by C. F. Hockett, ought by all reasonable criteria to have been published separately; it would amount to only a third of the weight of the whole volume, and would be much more usable as a text-book in consequence.

The long specialist review by N. Chomsky with which the volume opens will be of rather limited interest to anyone not professionally concerned, and, one suspects, of only temporary value even to them. It is precisely the kind of article which ought to appear not in book form but in one of the learned journals which are the proper organs of information disposal. This applies still more sharply to a lengthy bibliography on tagmemic theory by K. L. Pike; this could have been circulated in cyclostyled form, to all the tagmemicists in the world, at no great cost.

Other items, however, do add something to the reader's mental landscape. Joseph Greenberg has some interesting things to say about the frequency of various phonetic and grammatical features in different languages, and points out that preferences for some forms (which he distinguishes as "unmarked") over their "marked" alternatives seem to be universal in all languages. Thus, long vowels tend to be less frequent than the corresponding short vowels, aspirated and glottalized consonants less frequent than unmodified ones; oblique cases are heavily outnumbered in any text by nominative and accusative forms, as are future verb forms by non-future.

These statistics are perhaps not unexpected: they reflect, one might say, the frequency of the situations to which these grammatical categories correspond, or the muscular control required to produce the different sounds. But when he goes on to apply the same analysis to kinship terms he is studying anthropology rather than linguistics: it is surely not a point about language that no language fails to distinguish "father" from "mother" while some languages confuse, or classify differently, our "uncles" and "aunts".

Most scientific linguists would, no doubt, regard this kind of study as relatively superficial compared with the detailed analysis of the nature of grammar which Professor Chomsky gives. They would not necessarily be right. The mathematical and methodological study of grammatical description helps us to analyse language material once it is offered, but gives only a halting insight into the mental processes which lead to its utterance. No matter how many crimes are disclosed by the patient following-up of clues this procedure gets us no nearer to an understanding of the genesis of crime. Whatever else about language we may have to consider on the way, one of our ultimate aims must be to understand its place in the whole system of human behaviour, to relate its operations to the wider world of experience. An understanding of features which can reasonably be claimed as common to all languages, such as the differential preferences to which Joseph Greenberg draws attention, seems to contribute better to this end than the more introverted attitude of the pure grammarian; on this account one must welcome the increase, during the last generation, of interest in language universals.

Another aspect of linguistics which has obvious relevance to other studies is the historical one. To know the genetic relationships of different languages, to understand something of the factors affecting the rate and direction of change to which they are subject, is to gain understanding of some aspects of man's history which, like those contributed by archaeology, are beyond the reach of documentary research in the narrow sense. Mary B. Haas has some pertinent new observations on these questions, and makes a welcome effort to republish the currently rather tarnished reputation of the study of proto-languages, reconstructed by comparative methods from their presumed descendants. Whatever makes for a wider view is to be encouraged, in a discipline which constitutionally gravitates towards the particular.

Linguistic particularity can be entertaining, to some tastes at least: there is much enjoyment to be had in following Yakov Malkiel's tracing of the queer histories of various formants in Spanish and other European languages. Much of this, though, comes near to etymology for its own sake. It is fun, but it hardly helps us to use language, or manipulate it, or understand anything of it but what is before us.

Two of the contributions are labelled "appendices"; but it is not clear how they differ from the rest more than the latter among themselves. Both tend to the particular. Robert Godel discusses certain aspects of Saussure's once highly influential theory of language, and Edward Stankiewicz has much to say on the very narrow front of Slavic morphophonemics. It is not clear how the inclusion of the latter is justified in a volume which purports to discuss the theoretical foundations of linguistics. This again is something which would have been more at home in a journal.

The most valuable contribution, and also the most original, is the long and well-presented discussion by Uriel Weinreich of his semantic methodology. This is a field which, while highly technical, is never the less of the greatest importance in relating linguistic research to the general corpus of science. Hitherto there has been no clear idea among linguists how to go about studying the way in which meaning is actually conveyed by language-users. The outsider may wonder that what is so obviously the function of language should have been accorded so little attention, but the very difficulty of the problem, and especially its mathematical intractability, in seemingly such sharp contrast with the finiteness of syntax, is sufficient cause for its being so long neglected. Today, the various aspects of semantics are being tackled on many fronts, if with as yet little to show. Besides Uriel Weinreich's work, there will be found much about semantics (though in a somewhat more abstract sense) in Professor Chomsky's article; and much work is going on behind the scenes both in Europe and America. Though the reader may feel that Uriel Weinreich shows no too much that is still in the making as if it were already in being, it is a good thing to have these difficult problems of method and notation aired. Since it is in language forms that we think, thinking about how language conveys meaning is like examining one's own eye to discover how it sees; it will be a long time before the latent circularities of the subject are resolved.

All in all, this is a ragbag of a collection: it suggests, perhaps not unfairly, that the "theoretical foundations" of linguistics are themselves a ragbag. Linguists possess a good stock of methods and techniques, and an endless repertory of facts, but they are still backward, compared with other scientists, in the development of theory. In the past the existence of "schools" dominated by revered teachers or powerful personalities has led to the place of theory being usurped by dicta and dogma, as vigorously attacked as upheld, but still stifling to the theoretic temper of mind. Such schools still exist, and ought not to: only with their passing will linguists really come of age.

GLUE-WORDS

FREDERICK T. WOOD: *English Prepositional Idioms.* 561pp. Macmillan. 30s.

Learning the synsemantemes of a language is always harder than learning the words that the synsemantemes glue together. The Malay for a firefly—*kelip-kelip*—will stay in the mind easily enough, since the word is the very embodiment of a firefly. But how about the in-out-to-from part of the lexicon? Some expatriates managed by making one preposition *sama*—into a multiple adaptor; others left them out altogether. That is just about possible with some eastern languages; the tongues of the west are less permissive. All those Russian single-phoneme prepositions (s, v, &c.) are highly contrivable. English is perhaps the most difficult of the lot: it is as lavish and ambiguous with its prepositions as with its autosemantemes.

Many English users of English find choice of the right preposition quite as difficult as do foreigners. What comes after *oblivious*—*to* or *of*? Of, says Mr. Wood, never *to*. His book leaves out nothing of importance. It is arranged as a dictionary, with prepositions, prepositional phrases, and words that go with prepositions indifferently presented as headwords. Thus, INTERSPERSE: "Intersperse a speech *with* quotations; intersperse quotations *in* a speech; intersperse musical items *amongst* the speeches." And what is the difference between *antagonistic to* and *antagonistic towards*? The latter is used "if the reference is to a general attitude and not to a specific occasion or a specific issue". "Antagonistic to UDI", then but "antagonistic towards the whole white-supremacist policy".

This is an extremely useful book, and it is very heartily recommended to all who are concerned with the teaching of English as a second language. To any who say "Why *in* here and not *with*?" the answer is to be found in the title. Idioms are idioms and cannot be referred back to reason. They just have to be known. Through the *selva oscura* of these least explicable of idioms Mr. Wood leads calmly and omnisciently, Virgil of the glue-words.

ITV 9 March, 9.40
'The Investigation'

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SELF-ACCUSED

GEROLD FRANK: *The Boston Strangler.* 351pp. Cape. 30s.

This is a very odd book indeed. It is the story of thirteen horrifying sex-murders in Boston, Mass., in a period of nine months in 1962-63, and of the man who says he committed them; and you believe him or not according to taste but according, much more, to your experience of emotional confessions during sensational murder hunts. It is episodic, unplanned, darts to and fro between crimes, places, police stations, hospitals, courts; over-written where restraint would have better served the author's undisguised purpose; full of those phrases (" she shrugged her shoulders ", " he smiled ", " his long face grew dreamy ") which hallmark the pop-historian; and without either index or table of contents, both of which it direly needs.

As it went to press (the blurb announces blandly), its central character Albert DeSalvo, having been certified mentally fit to stand his trial, faced charges of indecently assaulting more than 300 women and girls—to which also he proudly confessed. Presumably therefore he is also fit for trial as the multi-murderer he professes to be, but he is not being tried for this because the only evidence against him is his own enormously long " confession ", and the American courts have bound themselves not to convict on confession alone. Still, they did try him for a selection of the 300 assaults, plus one or two burglaries. (It caused much trouble, his being a burglar; got him into the wrong files and misled the police for three years. It was rather like hunting for your glasses while wearing them.) And they gave him a life sentence.

What kind of trial could it have been, once this book had appeared? His attorney has now decided to contest the verdict, on the issue of insanity, by bringing out the thirteen-murder confession just as Christie did here in 1953—" the more the merrier ", said Christie to his psychiatrist. Published in Great Britain, the book has been reviewed and its contents discussed in a host of papers exported to the United States. In this country, where we call this contempt of court, we once on similar grounds fined the *Daily Mirror* £10,000 and imprisoned its editor for three months. This must be the only book ever to have said on its dust jacket: " As this book goes to press the trial begins. . . ."

That consideration apart, the murders seem to have annihilated the confidence of Boston's entire civic administration, to say nothing of the F.B.I., leaving the field open — gratefully open—to every kind of pseudo-medico-psycho-legal quackery. It is as if Scotland Yard were to say, of last year's unsolved " nude murders " in London, " Right. We're getting nowhere. Not a clue. No one talking. We *must* do something or we and the Home Office are out. Bring on the mediums, the water-diviners, astrologers, crystal-gazers, Old Moore . . .".

When you think of that terror-stricken city, where 100,000 women live alone, and where for months the murders had pushed all other news off the front pages, it is easy to understand the desperation in the hearts of elected officialdom. In one of his more successful moments of historical perception Gerold Frank outdoes Edgar Allan Poe:

> The sixty-year-old widow of a physician was watching television about 9 p.m. when a knock sounded on her front door. She opened it. A man stood there; his features indistinct in the gloom of the porch. " Your husband, the doctor, told me to look you up." The woman's scalp prickled. Her husband had been dead ten years.

Many a scalp will prickle as this book is read by the lonely. Doors will be locked, telephones answered in fear, just as in Boston four years ago. Does such a book do any good? In an Aristotelian sense, perhaps. The pity and the terror will come flooding in; and the money.

SOVIET AND OTHER SCIENCE FICTION

ILYA VARSHAVSKY, VLADISLAV KRAPIVIN, SEVER GANSOVSKY, ARKADY STRUGATSKY, BORIS STRUGATSKY, G. GOR, ANATOLY DNEPROV: *Path into the Unknown.* 191pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER: *The Little People.* 189pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.

GERTRUDE FRIEDBERG: *The Revolving Boy.* 191pp. Gollancz. 18s.

ANDRÉ NORTON: *The X Factor.* 191pp. Gollancz. 15s.

EDGAR PANGBORN: *Davy.* 265pp. Dennis Dobson. 25s.

Path into the Unknown is a selection of Russian stories of the future which is presented in a curiously off-hand way, without preface, without reference to the selector or editor, or mention of translators. So that it is difficult to determine how representative these stories are, or the extent of the interest in this kind of fiction in the Soviet Union. Presumably the Russian publishers to whom acknowledgments are paid consider them representative, and it is possible to deduce from internal evidence of style and subject something of the public which is being addressed. There is here none of the exclusiveness which encloses so much American Science Fiction, no tangle of technological or theoretical terminology, but a quiet assumption of general familiarity in the audience with the basic principles and preoccupations of modern science. The themes posited are mainly philosophic, rather than technological or socio-political, such as the status, in relation to humans, of synthetic creatures with a higher practical intelligence than those who made and use them (a further projection of the class-war ?). But the most striking contrast between the Russian writers and their analogues in America and Britain lies in the basic assumptions from which their " extrapolations " are launched.

In the west it is now more or less taken for granted by SF writers that the world of the future, and the imminent future at that, faces either inevitable devastation and catastrophe or a society more hideous in its technological inhumanity, than ever George Orwell could dream up. In these Soviet stories neither possibility is even hinted at. Humanity has somehow (there is no looking back) solved all its outstanding political and social problems and is now united in its extension of scientific research and endeavour to remoter fields. This bland assumption sometimes leads to naivety in the writing but also gives an opportunity for idyllic lyricism reminiscent of the Chekhov of " The Steppe " (as in Vladislav Krapivin's haunting story " Meeting My Brother "), and also for humorous domestic anecdotes, in the style of the unfortunate Zoschenko, about the reactions of robot domestic servants to their less gifted human masters. There are also surprises for those who have fixed ideological ideas about what the Russians are allowed to write (or publish) in a story by G. Gor called " The Boy ", in which the mind of a young boy, son of a professor of archaeology, is invaded by the memory of a boy visitant to this Earth in the Jurassic Age. " Pythagoras' metempsychosis! Were that true! " A strange speculation to find embedded in the philosophy of dialectical materialism!

Notable among other typically Russian mental acrobatics is a strange extravaganza on the subject of anti-matter, in which communication is established with an " anti-earth ", containing the mirror-reflection of every form of life and substance, on this earth. In this ingenious story, " The Purple Mummy " by Anatoly Dneprov, the only phenomenon which is not made clear is how communication resolves itself into anti-communication.

It must be said, however, though the western aficionados of SF may groan and sneer at Soviet naivety and optimism, that the Russian picture of the future, viewed as a dynamic inspiration in the present, is far more refreshing and straightforward than even the best baroque productions of the west:

> Among these latter, John Christopher presents for the best part of his book the standard plot for a women's magazine serial: old Irish castle in the middle of a bog inherited from eccentric uncle by beautiful young London secretary, who turns it into a guest-house; improbable selection of visitors observe antics of " little people " dressed in green. So far all Irish mist and *mahooha*. Then all turns grim, too late and too suddenly. Finding of papers proves little people to be products of a Nazi scientist's experiments in interfering with the pituitary glands of embryos from pregnant Jewish women with a view to prolonging life. The improbabilities of situation and character (and thick overlay of Irish peat) muffle any significant impact this horrific revelation might have had.

Miss Friedberg's thinly fascinating, but insufficiently articulated, tale of a boy born in a space-ship in a state of weightlessness (the ultimate space experiment), is a fairy story trying hard, but vainly, to be scientific. The boy at birth becomes subject to an orientating influence from the centre of the cosmos by which he is able later to direct astrophysicists into communication with something or other from deep space. Over-writing does not compensate for lack of plausibility.

With Miss André Norton we are so far out that we do not even know what galaxy we are in. Diskon Feutress, mutant son of a space explorer, out of place in any world his father is at home in, escapes by stolen space-ship to an unknown planet, where he discovers telepathic communication with the native creatures, the ruins of an ancient civilization, space pirates, galactic archaeologists, and a lot of good old B.O.P. adventures. Strictly pre-Conan Doyle stuff, in spite of the terminology, and scenically often vivid: owing something, perhaps, to Kipling's *Jungle Stories*, but removed too far to signify.

In Mr. Pangborn's *Davy* we are on different ground altogether, solid ground. This is a very serious and carefully constructed book, enriched by an acutely penetrative historical, psychological and anthropological imagination. In credibility and expression it shows no weakness at all. Mr. Pangborn is rare in realizing that a new situation and environment evoke a different consciousness from ours, and consequently an appropriate mode of expression. In the narrative of his protagonist, Davy, born an orphan in a Church brothel, he employs a sort of neo-Chaucerian lingo which is racy, tart and completely convincing.

But here we are in what is left of the north American continent, in the first years of the fourth century " after the Deluge ". It is a medieval world, dominated by the Holy Murcan Church, part feudal kingdoms, part Athenian city-states (both based on slavery). Nothing is known of the world beyond the eastern seaboard, or west beyond the ridge of the Katskill mountains. Some old-time books still exist, but only the priests of the Murcan Church are allowed to see them. Only the Heretics, the underground resistance, have themselves discovered some of these old-time records, and are corrosively at work undermining with their rationalism the overwhelming superstitions and mythological corruptions of the established church. After a number of ribald, red-blooded, often hilarious adventures in this meticulously established world, the hero Davy joins up with the Heretics, who, like Pilgrim Fathers in reverse, eventually launch out upon the great Atlantic Ocean and make Utopian landfall on one of the (now uninhabited) islands of the Azores group, still knowing that they cannot rest here, but must proceed with the search for the lost continent of which the old-time records speak.

This is a most distinguished book, both by virtue of its imaginative structure and of its entirely original and convincing style. Mr. Pangborn also manages to present us with a number of variably lovable characters in a frightening but sometimes beautiful world.

MARCH BOOKS

Fiction

HEINRICH BÖLL: *Absent without Leave.* Weidenfeld and Nicolson. March 2

JOHN BARTH: *Giles Goat-Boy.* Secker and Warburg. March 30.

JULIO CORTÁZAR: *Hopscotch.* Collins. March 6.

JOHN O'HARA: *Waiting for Winter.* Hodder and Stoughton. March 6.

History

JOHN JULIUS NORWICH: *The Normans in the South.* Longmans. March 28.

Letters and Memoirs

JEAN COCTEAU: *My Contemporaries.* Peter Owen. March 16.

ANDRÉ GIDE: *The White Notebook.* Peter Owen. March 23.

PATRICK KAVANAGH: *Collected Prose.* MacGibbon and Kee. March 13.

CHARLES MORGAN: *Selected Letters.* Macmillan. March 23.

Autobiography of Berto... Allen and Unwin. Ma...

Literary Criticism

KENNETH BURKE: *Langua... bolic Action.* CUP. ...

SUSAN SONTAG: *Agains... tion.* Eyre and Sp... March 9.

Poetry

ROBERT BLY: *Silence in t...* Cape. March 2.

AUSTIN CLARKE: *Old Fa... grimage.* Dolmen Press...

TED WALKER: *The Solit... Depot.* Hogarth Press...

Social Studies

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHN... *Iniquity.* Macmillan. ...

World Affairs

KENNETH YOUNG: *Rhode... dependence.* Eyre and ... woode. March 2.

Agriculture

BLAKE, MICHAEL. *Concentrated In... complete Fertilizers.* 113pp. Crosby Lockwood. 30s.

...e author is a practical farmer in ...mpshire where, according to ...port, some of the sadder effects of ...nioculture are now to be seen. He ...also quite clearly a disciple of the ...e André Voisin. His main thesis is ...t modern highly concentrated fer...zers are causing a depletion of ...ential elements in the soil, leading ...deficiencies in crops and stock, with ...consequent risk to animal and ...man health. He blames political ...economic pressures on farming ...this state of things.

...SSELL, G. E. *The English Dairy Farmer, 1500-1900.* 357pp. Frank ...Cass. £3 15s.

...Fussell's study, which taps a ...e variety of sources, covers a ...iod during most of which dairying ...s mainly a small-scale industry ...oted to the production of butter ...cheese. In the second half of the ...eteenth century it was already ...ving towards its present structure, ...red to the large-scale supply of ...nurbid milk to the big centres of urban ...mulation. It is this concentration ...the liquid market which distin...shed the British dairy farmer from ...counterparts in most other coun...s, including those of the European ...nomic Community.

...OW-SMITH, ROBERT. *Life from the Land.* 238pp. Longmans. £2 2s.

...Trow-Smith has long since estab...himself as the most readable of ...ish agricultural historians. Here ...traces the main course of western ...opean farming from prehistoric ...es to the continued technical revo...on of the present day. Social ...anization, changes in livestock and ...lements, earnings and economics ...fall into his survey. He contrives ...relate them to his own and his ...ly readers' experiences in a ...ntry where the past still mingles ...the present, and to spice his ...rative with an occasional acidity ...mment on past and present ...ditions.

Topography and Architecture

FLETCHER, GEOFFREY. *The Elements of Sketching.* 128pp. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

...popularizing of outdoor sketch... that most Victorian of pastimes ...the main purpose of this mono... Mr. Fletcher has an appro... ...ely genteel approach to sub... Shadow and perspective in ...ion to hills, sky and water are ...with skilful hints of the " soft 6B ...ly " variety.

...selection of drawings for study ...provides the second half of ...book. The examples by Ruskin, ...Phil May and others are ...edly unfamiliar and Mr. Fletcher ...proof that he himself is no ...draughtsman.

KONRAD (Editor). *Windows ...d Window Walls.* 120pp. Iliffe ...ooks. £2 2s.

...dows and Window Walls is the ... volume of Architect's Detail ... to be published for the ... *Architect and Building ...* by Iliffe Books. It will ... useful reference book for ... architectural assistant who ... to spend a good deal ... time detailing a building for ... The illustrations and most ... details are good, although at ... it is a little difficult to relate ... and it is not surprising to ... all the examples are taken ... foreign buildings. Not that ... aren't any good English ... about; there are, but we ... to achieve a high stan... of workmanship in the details ... building in a way which does ... design. This does not ... Scandinavian countries, as this ... testifies.

Biography and Memoirs

...KWORTH, SIR CHARLES. *The ...ey of William Hunter.* 134pp. ...ilingstone. 35s.

...William Hunter has never lacked ... but it is more than forty years ... his last biography. No one is ... equipped than Sir Charles ...orth, the distinguished Glas... ...ssor and professor, to dis... ...ter's great contribution to ... and describe the treasures

SELECTED PAPERBACKS

Art and Archaeology.—*Laurousse Encyclopedia of Prehistoric and Ancient Art.* General Editor: René Huyghe. Paul Hamlyn. 30s. FRANÇOIS MATHEY: *The World of the Impressionists.* Thames and Hudson. 21s.

Astronomy.—PETER M. MILLMAN: *This Universe of Space.* Routledge and Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

Biography and Memoirs.—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM: *A Writer's Notebook.* Penguin. 6s. CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKI: *My Life in Art.* Translated by J. J. Robbins. Penguin. 12s. 6d. GERTRUDE STEIN: *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.* Penguin. 6s.

Economics.—ANTHONY HARRISON: *The Framework of Economic Activity.* Macmillan Papermac. 12s. 6d.

Essays.—JAMES BALDWIN: *The Fire Next Time.* Introduced by John Wain. Nucleus Books. 8s. 6d.

Fiction.—ALBERT CAMUS: *The Plague.* Introduced by John Cruickshank. Nucleus Books. 9s. 6d. WILLIAM EASTLAKE: *Castle Keep.* Panther. 3s. GEORGE ELIOT: *Daniel Deronda.* Edited by Barbara Hardy. Penguin. 10s. 6d. GEORGE FIELD: *The Boy who Wanted Peace.* Calder and Boyars. 16s. JANE GASKELL: *The Serpent. Atlan. The City.* Sphere Books. 5s. each. JOHN HERSEY: *White Lotus.* Corgi. 7s. 6d. DAVID HUGHES: *The Major.* Pan. 3s. 6d. JAKOV LIND: *Soul of Wood.* Translated by Ralph Manheim. Panther. 3s. 6d. DORIS LESSING: *Martha Quest.* Panther. 5s. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM: *Liza of Lambeth. Cakes and Ale. Up at the Villa.* 3s. 6d. each. *The Painted Veil.* 4s. 6d. *Mrs. Craddock. The Razor's Edge.* 5s. each. LADY MURASAKI: *The Tale of Genji.* Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. In two volumes. Allen and Unwin. 25s. each. IRIS MURDOCH: *The Small Boy.* Panther. 5s. HENRY ROTH: *Call it Sleep.* Mayflower-Dell Paperback. 7s. 6d. NATHALIE SARRAUTE: *The Golden Fruits. Tropisms* and *The Age of Suspicion.* Both translated by Maria Jolas. Calder and Boyars. 15s. each. FRANCIS STUCKEY: *The Narrow Path.* Heinemann Educational Books. African Writers Series. 6s. BUDD SCHULBERG: *The Harder They Fall. What Makes Sammy Run?* Corgi. 5s. each. TOBIAS SMOLLETT: *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.* Edited by Angus Ross. Penguin. 6s. JOHN STEINBECK: *Once there was a War.* Corgi. 5s. 6d. LAURENCE STERNE: *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman.* Introduction by Christopher Ricks. Penguin. 7s. 6d. JONATHAN SWIFT: *Gulliver's Travels.* Introduction by Michael Foot. Penguin. 5s. JOSEPHINE TEY: *The Privateer.* Pan. 5s. ANTHONY WARD: *The River Sieu.* Panther. 5s. EMILE ZOLA: *A Love Affair.* Translated by Jean Stewart. *The Sinful Priest.* Translated by Alec Brown. *The Kill.* Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. *Earth.* Translated by Ann Lindsay. Arrow Books. 5s. each.

History.—HENRY ADAMS: *History of the United States During the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison.* Abridged and with an Introduction by George Dangerfield and Otey M. Scruggs. Prentice-Hall. 24s. JOEL CARMICHAEL: *A Short History of the Russian Revolution.* Sphere Books. 5s. ALAN CLARK: *Barbarossa.* The Russian-German Conflict, 1941-1945. Penguin. 10s. 6d. J. M. WALLACE-HADRILL: *The Barbarian West. 400-1000.* Hutchinson University Library. 10s. 6d. CHRISTOPHER THORNE: *The Approach of War, 1938-1939.* Macmillan Papermac. 12s. 6d.

Law.—SIR CARLETON KEMP ALLEN: *Law in the Making.* Oxford University Press. 18s. 6d. JAMES DAVID BARBER: *The Lawmakers.* Yale University Press. 14s. A. P. D'ENTRÈVES: *Natural Law.* Hutchinson University Library. 9s. 6d.

Linguistics.—HERBERT LADER: *Language and Culture.* Oxford University Press. 30s.

Literature and Literary Criticism.—HALLBERG HALLMUNDSSON (Editor): *Icelandic Poetry.* Translated by John Porter. Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d. ANGUS WILSON: *The World of Charles Dickens.* Penguin. 6s. 6d. ROBERT PENN WARREN (Editor): *A Collection of Critical Essays.* Spectrum Books. 10s. 6d.

Motoring.—JOHN ELDRIDGE: *How to Drive Safely.* Pan. 2s. 6d.

Poetry.—*Penguin Modern Poets 9.* Denise Levertov, Kenneth Patchen, Peter Porter. Penguin. 5s.

Politics and Political Theory.—R. BERELSON, PAUL F. LAZARSFELD, WILLIAM N. MCPHEE: *Voting: A Study of Opinion Formation in a Presidential Campaign.* University of Chicago Press. 21s. ANTHONY DOWNS: *An Economic Theory of Democracy.* Harper and Row. 30s. MAURICE SHOCK: *The Conservative Tradition: From Burke to Salisbury.* Nisbet. 18s. W. O. CHADWICK: *The Secularization of the European Mind in the Nineteenth Century.* CUP. 30s. *Liberal Tradition: From Fox to Keynes.* Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. H. R. G. GREAVES: *The Foundations of Political Obligation.* Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. G. BELL: *Sovereignty and Emergency: Political Crisis and the Decline of Liberalism during the First World War.* CUP. 30s. JAMES JOLL: *Britain and Europe: Pitt to Churchill, 1793-1940.* Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

Topography and Architecture

The Left. Anthony Blond. 12s. 6d. GERALD KAUFMAN: *How to be a Minister.* Penguin. 3s. 6d. GEOFFREY MARSHALL and MAURICE MOODIE: *Some Problems of the Constitution.* Hutchinson University Library. 11s. 6d. JOHN STUART MILL: *A Selection of His Works.* Macmillan. 10s. 6d. JOHN PLAMENATZ: *Consent, Freedom and Political Obligation.* Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. PETER STANSKY and WILLIAM ABRAHAMS: *Journey to the Frontier: Two Roads to the War.* Constable. 30s.

Psychology.—MICHAEL ARGYLE: *Psychology of Interpersonal Behaviour.* Penguin. 4s. 6d.

Religion.—ROBERT GRAVES and JOSHUA PODRO: *The Nazarene Gospel Restored.* Cassell. 42s. BERNARD H. HALL: *Amos and Religious Faith.* Exposition Press. 9s. 6d. ROMANO GUARDINI: *The Focus of Freedom.* Allen and Unwin. 16s. GREGORY ROTTGER: *Dialogue in Confrontation.* Longmans. 16s. ANTHONY BLOND: *Confrontations.* Anthony Blond. 21s. KONRAD RAY: *The Dead Sea Scrolls.* Burns and Oates. 12s. 6d. TURGENEV: *Sketches from a Hunter's Album.* Translated by Richard Freeborn. Penguin. 5s. ROBERT PENN WARREN: *Faulkner: A Collection of Critical Essays.* Spectrum Books. 10s. 6d.

Town Planning.—T. W. FREEMAN: *Geography and Planning.* Hutchinson University Library. 10s. 6d. PETER AVENT: *Travel.*—PETER ALEXANDER: *Ernest Bang. 25s.* DAVID *Ulysses Found.* Sphere Books. 5s. **World Affairs.**—ALASTAIR BUCHAN (Editor): *A World Order in Transition.* Macmillan. 25s. *Patterns.* Spectrum Books. 10s. 6d. MARTHA GELLHORN: *The Face of War.* Sphere Books. 5s. HOWARD K. SMITH: *Last Train from Berlin.* Cresset Press. 30s. HOROWITZ: *From Yalta to Vietnam.* Penguin. 10s. 6d.

Biography and Memoirs

The Age of Consent. Penguin. 3s. 6d. *Cold War.* 1945-1965. Penguin. 12s. 6d. Paperbacks

List of Publishers and their Addresses.—*Arrow Books* (Hutchinson); *Books* (Collins); *Corgi* (Transworld); *Books* (Darton, Longman and Todd); *Nucleus Books* (Bracken Books); *Penguin Books* (Penguin Books); *Sphere Books* (Sphere Books); *Spectrum Books* (Prentice-Hall); *Universities Paperback* (Methuen); *Paperback* (American Elsevier); *Publishers Group*; *Publishers* (Longmans); *Publishers* (Oliver and Boyd); *Publishers* (Oxford University Press); *Publishers* (Cambridge University Press).

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

of the library and museum which Hunter bequeathed to Glasgow University. He has had the whim to write this story as though it were Hunter's autobiography, and has succeeded admirably in an easy pastiche of eighteenth-century style. He adduces his authorities, but achieves verisimilitude by neatly concealing the passage from fact to fiction. The full detail of Hunter's life is not here, but he appears as a real, many-sided man, a physician and naturalist eagerly collecting books and manuscripts, paintings and coins, and mixing with his friends at Court or the Academy. Sir Charles has provided some " guidance for the research student ", but his fine study of a great man deserved a fuller " apparatus " and an adequate index.

STANFORD, J. K. *Tail of an Army.* 218pp. Phoenix House. 25s.

A veteran of the First World War recounts his experiences in the Second. Colonel Stanford was chiefly occupied as an inspector of ordnance stores in the rear but he waged his own campaign against the scroungers in the Western Desert and elsewhere. His is always an army in which the other ranks drop their nitches and the worthwhile officer manages to get on a nag before breakfast; but he packs this memoir with incidents that astonish, amuse and sometimes impress.

HECKSTALL-SMITH, ANTHONY. *Sacred Cows.* 195pp. Blond. 25s.

Cows today is a rather sad and charmless little backwater upon which a spurious gaiety is imposed for ten days a year. It is difficult for a post-war generation to see it as a focal point in the golden age of high society —a meeting place of the rich and the famous, the ambitious and the privileged, where it was seemingly forever summer. Mr. Heckstall-Smith successfully recaptures this bygone atmosphere; he conveys too the vulgarity, snobbery and ostentation that accompanied the heady gaiety. He was too much part of it all to write dispassionately. There is too much sentiment and not enough irony, and the title is a stale, bad pun. But Mr. Heckstall-Smith was not a journalist for nothing. He writes affectionately of those such as Sir Thomas Lipton or Sherman Hoyt whom he particularly admired, and many of his anecdotes are very funny indeed.

Drama

New American Drama. Introduction by Charles Marowitz. 203pp. Penguin. 5s.

A distinct sound of barrel-scraping pervades this collection and Charles Marowitz, in his introduction, does nothing to minimize it. Indeed he might have been a good deal kinder to Jack Richardson's comedy of human interchangeability, *Gallows Humour*, and Murray Schisgal's *The Typists*, a dramatic equivalent to a time-lapse photography—both interestingly experimental pieces. There is not, one agrees, much to be said on behalf of Edward Albee's *The American Dream* or Arthur Miller's *Incident at Vichy.*

New English Dramatists 9. Introduced by Michael Billington. 192pp. Penguin. 4s. 6d.

The material in this collection is selected from productions over the past three years and contains two remarkable plays: the West Indian playwright Barry Reckord's study of a comprehensive school outsider, *Skyvers*; and Donald Howarth's intricately tender comedy of warped affections, *A Life in Little India.* Arnold Wesker's cyclic idyll, *The Four Seasons*, uneasily defended in Michael Billington's introduction, completes the volume.

Education

DIACK, HUNTER. *Language for Teaching.* 184pp. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

Mr. Diack shows how far English teaching has moved from the old static study of literature and language. His theme is that because words are labels their meaning can differ according to who uses them, to communicate with whom and in what context. Yet the book is more than a potting of the tenets of linguistic philosophers. The major theories of the child's acquisition of language are considered and criticized, and the application of these theories to the classroom is clearly indicated. Each chapter ends with " the practical aspect " and Mr. Diack is particularly interesting on the language of mathematics and the light thrown on it so far by the Nuffield Mathematics Teaching Project for children from five to thirteen.

OSBORNE, G. S. *Scottish and English Schools.* 351pp. Longmans. £2 2s.

By computing the statistics about Scottish and English schools and the official reports and directives of the various advisory committees, departments of education and inspectorates, Mr. Osborne has produced some interesting material. But after some 300 pages of facts about everything in the two systems from school leaving certificates to teaching techniques in primary schools, fewer than thirty pages of conclusions are a disappointment. He speaks kindly of the " essentially generous " English attitude towards the young but many will regret any softening of the traditional Scots admiration for the intellect and their unbending belief in the oneness of moral and intellectual training.

Gardening

SMITH, MINA. *The Garden in Winter.* 176pp. Museum Press. 21s.

No gardener worthy of the name supposes nowadays that gardening must come to a halt each year when dahlias are lifted and herbaceous borders cut down, but not everyone is sure how to set about prolonging interest outside. A number of books have been written on the subject, but few so good as this one. Winter colour in leaf and stem, berries, variegated evergreens, protective hedges and windbreaks, even tips on what to wear when working outside on a cold day—Miss Smith is thorough. Even an old hand may find himself learning from her, especially in her comparative account of shrubs with richly coloured stems and fruits. The book is illustrated with some very agreeable drawings by the author.

History

BRADBROOK, M. C. *The Tragic Pageant of " Timon of Athens ".* 37pp.

ULLMAN, WALTER. *The Relevance of Medieval Ecclesiastical History.* 35pp. Cambridge University Press. 5s. each.

The texts of recent inaugural lectures by the respective holders of the Chairs of English and of Medieval Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge. Professor Bradbrook develops the idea that *Timon* is less a complete play than a show—an experimental scenario for an indoor dramatic pageant, and composed when Shakespeare's company moved from open stages to the new Blackfriars theatre. In the second lecture, Professor Ullmann discusses the influence of the ecclesiastical society of the Middle Ages on our modern condition, and finds evidence of " a causal relationship between the ecclesiastical complexion of the Middle Ages and the ecclesiastical-secularist twilight of the modern age."

CASH, MARJARET (Editor). *Devon Inventories of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* 231pp. Devon and Cornwall Record Society, Volume II. (Mrs. Miller, 7 The Close, Exeter). £2.

The old probate inventories not only reveal the household goods and chattels of ordinary people in former centuries but are also rich in local dialect words. This secondary use of them is emphasized in the introduction to the present collection of West Country inventories, to which the editor appends a glossary of the more uncommon expressions found in them. The 266 inventories extend in date from 1531 to 1699 but the Deputy County Archivist, who edits the collection, records sadly that they are " a pathetic few ", a great mass of these old documents having been lost in the bombing of Exeter in 1942.

Literature and Literary Criticism

DAICHES, DAVID. *Robert Burns.* 334pp. André Deutsch. £2 2s.

Since Professor Daiches's study of Burns was published in 1950, it has established itself as the most useful modern study of Burns's work and importance as a poet. The approach is through the literature rather than the life, so that the book is not strictly a biography, but the intellectual atmosphere in which Burns's work developed is well set in the opening chapter. Only minor alterations have been made for this new edition, though it is newly and more handsomely set, and a completely new index is provided. An additional preface deplores the continued impenetrability of Burns Night speakers to the advance of modern scholarship which, though one reason, is not the only or most important one for treasuring a book that is standing the test of time.

Mathematics

BATTERSBY, ATHOLL. *Mathematics in Management.* 256pp. Penguin. 7s. 6d.

There is in any discipline, said Kant, as much science as there is mathematics, and now the management of men is being made amenable to mathematical treatment. In large-scale enterprises there may soon be no other way. With examples chosen from aeronautics Mr. Battersby was a lecturer at Cranfield before becoming a Fellow of Balliol—oil refineries, transport and other big industries, this Pelican Original shows how such techniques as matrix algebra, Laplace transforms, the differential calculus, graphs, the theory of communication and statistics have manifold industrial applications. It will help the modern manager to put the right questions to his computer.

GOLOMB, SOLOMON W. *Polyominoes.* Diagrams by Warren Hirshbaugh. 192pp Allen and Unwin. 30s.

The name " polyomino ", analogous to domino, was coined by Mr. Golomb in 1953 in a talk to the Harvard Mathematics Club. It signifies the figure formed by a number of connected squares in the plane or connected cubes in three dimensions. The domino, of course, is composed of two connected squares. Substantially Mr. Golomb is also the inventor of the study of polyominoes, though his initiative has brought to light the fact that H. E. Dudeney framed the first puzzle concerning pentominoes (figures formed by five connected squares) in 1907 and an extensive literature on polyominoes under the title " dissection problems " appeared in the *Fairy Chess Review* in the 1930s and 1940s. The study may be looked upon either as a mathematical diversion or, more seriously, as a branch of combinational geometry.

Natural History

HAINES, GWEN. *Oasis Among the Chimney Pots.* 128pp. Harvill Press. 16s.

The birds in the back garden can be as interesting as rarer varieties spied from a professional hide. Gwen Haines demonstrates this in her book *Oasis Among the Chimney Pots.* She feeds, photographs and befriends her feathered residents and writes a good story about them too.

MARSHALL, A. J. (Editor). *The Great Extermination.* 221pp. Heinemann. £2 2s.

" In Australia, though we are rather good at swimming and knocking balls about, we still lag behind many countries (which have much less to preserve) in our conservation policies ", writes Professor Marshall in his concluding chapter, and certainly the preceding chapters (several of which he has written himself) support this view. They tell in the most outspoken way of the reckless killing of kangaroos (used for pet food and sub-standard sausage); koalas and crocodiles (not all of which are bitery); the wrecking of timber forests, the despoliation of open country, and the wiping out of native plants. Almost always the culprit is man; acting in ignorance, because there is money involved or sheer love of wrecking. There is some hope for the future and it is blunt books like this which keep that hope in business.

Photography

PHILLIPS, VAN and THOMAS, OWEN. *The Travellers' Book of Colour Photography.* 256pp. Paul Hamlyn. £5 5s.

Another gigantic volume from the House of Hamlyn containing 400 colour photographs taken by two travellers on a six-month tour of Europe and the U.S.A. which are supported by didactic captions for the amateur on holiday. It is a modern photograph album reproduced in blazing photogravure of endless sunlit holiday scenes beneath blue skies of incredible crudity, which could not have been taken by any amateur with an automatic camera. Most subjects are recorded in a pedestrian way but six of the pictures are brilliant and support the view that outstanding colour photographs are as rare as pearls and their skilful reproductions as fake as diamonds. As an enthusiastic amateur, George Bernard Shaw, once said, " The photographer is like the cod, which produces a million eggs in order that one may reach maturity ".

Sports and Pastimes

PHILLIPS-BIRT, D. and CLARK, ANTHONY (Editors). *Yachting World Annual 1967.* 144pp. Iliffe Books. 13s.

It is difficult to confuse about this year's *Yachting World Annual.* Far from being, as the publishers claim, " an essential part of the yachtsman's library ", it is little more than an overpriced collection of undistinguished articles. The design section is good, but the reviews of the year are not altogether accurate, and at least one appears to have been written long before the season was over. Most of the general articles are badly chosen and lack humour, colour or originality.

TICKNER, JOHN. *Tickner's Ponies.* Illustrated by the author. Foreword by M. P. Ansell. 80pp. Putnam. 16s.

This is John Tickner's eighth book; those who have already happily succumbed to his outrageous puns and deadpan advice need only be told that the latest instalment is well up to standard. Those sheltered few who have so far escaped, who nevertheless are involved with horses in some way, would do well to start on *Tickner's Ponies*; the drawings are nearly as funny as Thelwell's, and the text is riotous.

WILLIAMS, DORIAN (Editor). *The Horseman's Year Book.* 104pp. Collins, 30s.

Articles on almost every equestrian aspect of the past year (nothing about polo), and results of all the main events in the show and racing world. In addition, there are contributions such as " from Chariot to Charabanc ", " The Horse in Shakespeare ", and on the prospective B.H.S. training centre at Stoneleigh, from various hands. There is a nice misprint among the advertisements.—*The Golden Book of Fairy Tales.*

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Frank Cass have published the following: *An Anatomy of Inspiration* by Rosamond E. M. Harding, with an Appendix on The Birth of a Poem by Robert B. M. Nichols (145pp., 35s.), first published in 1940 by W. Heffer; *The King and his Dominion Governors* by Herbert Vere Evatt, with a new introduction by Zelman Cowen (323pp., £2 10s.), first published in 1936 by Oxford University Press; *An Introduction to the Study of Blake* by Max Plowman, with a new introduction by R. H. Ward (159pp., 30s.), first published in 1927; *The English Brass and Copper Industries to 1800* by Henry Hamilton, with the original introduction by William Ashley, and a new introduction by J. R. Harris (398pp., £3 15s.), first published in 1926 by Longmans; *The Economic Development of Russia, 1905-1914* by Margaret Miller (321pp., £3 3s.), first published in 1926 by P. S. King.

Methuen have brought out a second edition of D. S. Walker's *A Geography of Italy* (298pp., £3 10s.), first published in 1958. A revised edition of Havelock Ellis's *My Life* (614pp., £2 5s.) has been brought out by Neville Spearman. It has a foreword by Françoise Delisle, and an introduction and detailed bibliography by Alan Hull Watson and it first came out in 1940. The Cresset Press have published a new edition of *The Social Relations of Science* by J. G. Crowther (474pp., £2 2s.), first published in 1941; Macgibbon and Kee have published a second edition of Margaret Puxon's *The Family and the Law* (263pp., £2 2s.), it first appeared in 1963 from Penguin. Hollis and Carter have reissued Salvador de Madariaga's *Portrait of Europe* (304pp., 25s.), first published in 1952, with a foreword to the new edition by the author.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES: 5s. a line (minimum 10s.), box numbers 2s.
Semi-display £3 5s. an inch. Display £4 an inch.

ORDERS and Box Replies to: Classified Advertisement Department, The Times Literary Supplement, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4. CENtral 2000, extn. 318. Telex 262622/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LIBRARIANS

BOROUGH OF ALDERSHOT
REFERENCE LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above post. Salary A.P. Grade III. The post is a responsible one in a developing department. Modern building. Further particulars are available from the Borough Librarian, Public Library, High Street, Aldershot.
Applications, stating age, education, experience and present position, together with the names and addresses of two referees, must reach the above address not later than 18th March.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BARNSLEY
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the APPOINTMENT of CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN on the salary scale for qualified Librarians (special class) commencing at £1,220 per annum and rising by five increments to £1,435 per annum, N.J.C. conditions of service.
Applications giving details of experience, age, qualifications, together with names of two referees, should reach the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Eldon Street, Barnsley, by 17th March, 1967.
A. E. GILFILLAN, Town Clerk.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POST in the County Library Service:—
SENIOR ASSISTANT, A.P.T. III £1,220 to £1,435 per annum. Wolverton Branch Library.
N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Successful candidate subject to medical examination. In approved cases the County Council makes a grant towards removal expenses up to a maximum of £100.
Further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Applications (no forms), with the names and addresses of two referees, to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 16th March, 1967.

SOCIETY OF MUNICIPAL AND COUNTY CHIEF LIBRARIANS
BOROUGH LIBRARIAN, WALSALL
Intending applicants, and those who may have already applied for the above appointment, are asked to write to the Hon. Secretary of the Society, Central Library, Blagrave Street, Reading, as soon as possible.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POST in the County Library Service:
SENIOR ASSISTANT, Langley Branch Library. A.P.T. III, £1,220 to £1,435 per annum.
N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Successful candidate subject to medical examination.
In approved cases the County Council makes a grant towards removal expenses up to a maximum of £100.
Further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Applications (no forms), with the names and addresses of two referees to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 16th March, 1967.

COUNTY OF CORNWALL
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARIAN at the Falmouth School of Art. Salary within national scale £820 to £1,435 according to qualifications.
Further details from the Principal of the School, Mr. M. G. Finn, Woodlane, Falmouth, to whom applications should be submitted as soon as possible.
E. T. VERGER, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Truro.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF DERBY
CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above post. Salary scale A.P. IV (£1,435 to £1,665).
Further information may be obtained from the Librarian, Central Library, The Wardwick, Derby, to whom applications should be sent not later than Saturday, 18th March, 1967.
Borough Librarian, Central Library, The Wardwick, Derby.

DEVON COUNTY COUNCIL
ROLLE COLLEGE, EXMOUTH
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at this College of Education expanding from 650 men and women students to 900 by 1971. Preference will be given to candidates who have experience of library work, especially of cataloguing.
Salary: A.P.T. I (£820 to £1,020).
Full particulars from The Principal, Rolle College, Exmouth, to whom applications should be returned within a fortnight.

CROYDON PUBLIC LIBRARIES
Branch Children's Librarian
Branch Assistant Librarian
Salary scale £820—£1,220 p.a. plus "London Weighting". Holders of Library Association Pt. I (Intermediate) Examination would commence at not less than £1,020 p.a. plus "London Weighting". Apply to Chief Librarian, Katharine Street, Croydon, CR9 1ET.

CEMENT AND CONCRETE ASSOCIATION

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN
Applicants should have either A.L.A. or Institute of Information Scientists qualification and have had some editing experience. A knowledge of building and civil engineering and U.D.C. classification is essential.

INFORMATION OFFICER
We require a qualified Information Officer who should preferably have either A.L.A. or Institute of Information Scientists qualification. A knowledge of building and civil engineering and U.D.C. classification is essential.
Write giving age and full details of experience and qualifications to:
THE LIBRARIAN,
CEMENT AND CONCRETE ASSOCIATION,
52, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

City of Liverpool
REGIONAL COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for appointment as ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Commencing salary within the scale £1,180-£1,435 per annum (A.P. III) according to qualifications and experience.
In appropriate cases the Corporation will reimburse approved household removal expenses in full up to a maximum of £60, together with the 2nd class rail fares of the person appointed and his family. A lodging allowance of £3 per week for up to 3 months will also be paid where appropriate.
The appointment is superannuable and subject to the Standing Orders of the City Council.
Application forms from the Director of Education returnable to the Principal, Liverpool Regional College of Technology, Byrom Street, Liverpool, 3, by 10th March, 1967.
THOMAS ALKER,
Town Clerk.

LIBRARIANS

BOROUGH OF ECCLES
SENIOR ASSISTANT/READERS' ADVISER
APPLICATIONS are invited for this appointment from Chartered Librarians. Duties include responsibility for assistance to readers, library co-operation, stock revision, &c. Salary in accordance with A.P. Grades III/IV (£1,180-£1,665).
Detailed applications stating age, qualifications and experience together with the names and addresses of two referees to be forwarded to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Eccles, before the 10th March, 1967.
NORMAN MITCHELL
Town Clerk.
Town Hall, Eccles, Manchester.

BOROUGH OF FLINT
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
APPLICATIONS are invited from persons who are, or are about to become, Chartered Librarians, for the POST of CHIEF ASSISTANT BOROUGH LIBRARIAN. Salary scale, £1,020 to £1,435, starting point according to experience and qualifications.
A great deal of development work is in hand and applicants should be ready to assume a considerable degree of active responsibility and deputise for the Borough Librarian when necessary.
Application forms, to be returned by March 18th, 1967, may be obtained from the undersigned:
J. C. W. BLESLEY, Town Clerk.
Guildhall, Flint.

BOROUGH OF HOVE
DEPUTY CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for this appointment at a salary in accordance with A.P. III, £1,220 to £1,435. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Librarian and Curator, Central Library, Church Road, Hove 3, to whom applications should be sent by 6th March, 1967.
JOHN E. STEVENS, Town Clerk.
Brooker Hall, 19 New Church Road, Hove 3.

HUDDERSFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARIES
LOCAL HISTORY LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from graduates or chartered librarians with relevant experience for a POST as local HISTORY LIBRARIAN. The collection includes some archival material so that experience with archives would be useful (but not essential as the successful applicant will be given training in this field).
The salary will be on the librarian grade (£820 to £1,220 to £1,435), starting point in accordance with experience and qualifications.
Applications with the names of two referees should be addressed to the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Ramsden Street, Huddersfield, to arrive on or before 9th March.
Canvassing is prohibited.
HARRY BANN, Town Clerk.

KINGSTON UPON HULL
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
REGIONAL COLLEGE OF ART AND CRAFTS
Principal, Alan D. S. Sugden, A.R.E., A.R.C.A., F.I.B.D.
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of TUTOR-LIBRARIAN to commence duty as soon as possible.
Candidates should be qualified Librarians and in addition have qualifications preferably in sociology, psychology, environmental studies or the history of science. Recent teaching experience is desirable but not essential.
Salary: Burnham Technical Scale, £955 to £1,625 per annum with additions for graduate qualifications and increments for training, teaching service and/or appropriate experience.
The Education Committee will consider the payment of the whole or part of the removal expenses of a married teacher moving into Kingston upon Hull.
Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Guildhall, Kingston upon Hull.

KINGSTON UPON HULL CITY LIBRARIES
APPLICATIONS are invited from persons qualified in accordance with the National Joint Council Scheme of Conditions of Service for the following POSTS:—
BRANCH LIBRARIANS (TWO POSTS). Special Grade for Librarians (£1,260 to £1,435).
SENIOR ASSISTANT. Special Grade for Librarians (£820 to £1,220).
Forms of application can be obtained from the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Albion Street, Kingston upon Hull.
R. F. DREWERY, Chief Librarian.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
Intending candidates for the APPOINTMENT of BOROUGH LIBRARIAN, County Borough of Walsall, are invited to communicate with the Secretary, 7 Ridgmount Street, London, W.C.1.

SPECIALIST LIBRARY (London, W.1).—Vacancy for a qualified person.—Write full particulars to Box T.1177, The Times, E.C.4.

LIBRARIANS

ROYAL BOROUGH OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES
LIBRARY AND MUSEUM DEPARTMENT
[illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE
NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.14
APPLICATIONS are invited for TWO POSTS as ASSISTANT in the College Library. [illegible]
Further details from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent as soon as possible.

THE MANCHESTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES
LOCAL HISTORY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from Graduate Chartered Librarians for the POST of LIBRARIAN, Local History Library. Salary A.P. IV (£1,435 to £1,665).
Applications should be addressed to the City Librarian, Central Library, St. Peter's Square, Manchester, 2, and are required by Saturday, 11th March, 1967.

UNIVERSITY OF READING
LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARIAN, which will become vacant on August 1, 1967, by the appointment of Mr. D. T. Richnell as Goldsmiths' Librarian, University of London. The appointment will begin on a date to be arranged.
Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar (Room 10, F.R.B.), The University, Reading, by whom applications must be received not later than April 5, 1967.

Amended Advertisement
BOROUGH OF RHONDDA
APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Chartered Librarian required for the post of Assistant Librarian. The successful applicant will be required to assist in the reorganization and expansion of the music library and undertake other bibliographical and reference duties as required.
Salary scale A.P. IV (£1,365 to £1,665).
Applications, giving details of experience in a music library or knowledge of music, with the names of two referees to be forwarded to the undersigned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.
L. GARDNER, Borough Librarian,
Central Library, Pentre, Rhondda.

WEST RIDING COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of:—
BRANCH LIBRARIAN—Swinton (near Doncaster). Salary £1,220 to £1,435 for Chartered Librarians.
Candidates taking Library Association Examinations or partly qualified candidates considered. Salary £820 to £1,220 according to qualifications and experience.
For further details and form of application please apply to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Balne Lane, Wakefield.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL
SOMERSET COUNTY LIBRARY
MOBILE LIBRARIANS
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POSTS of MOBILE LIBRARIAN at Winscombe and Street. Salary scale Librarian's grade (A.P. II/III £1,020 to £1,435) plus subsistence allowance. Removal expenses, &c., payable.
Application for and further particulars from The County Librarian, County Library, Mount Street, Bridgwater, Somerset.

ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Applicants must be graduates with library experience, and preferably with professional qualifications. Salary within the scale £805 to £1,920 to £2,360 according to age and experience.
Applications in writing to the Librarian, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT
We require a library assistant for our technical library situated at the company headquarters on Raynesway, Derby. Duties will include cataloguing, book ordering and acquisitions, bulletin reproduction and general library routines. Applicants should preferably have had at least two years' library experience and part I qualification of the Library Association. Applications will also be considered from persons with G.C.E. 'O' level who are studying for professional qualifications.
A working knowledge of co-ordinate indexing would be an advantage.
Working conditions are excellent including a spacious library fully equipped to modern standards, a 5 day week and canteen facilities.
Applications should be addressed to: The Personnel Officer, Rolls-Royce & Associates Limited, P.O. Box 31, Derby.

COLLEGE OF LIBRARIANSHIP WALES
Principal: F. N. HOGG, D.P.A., F.L.A.
This is the first independent College in the United Kingdom to specialize in the study of Library Science. Established in 1964 in the vicinity of the National Library, the University Library, and the Public Library, the College offers courses for both post-graduate and non-graduate students.
Academic terms are similar to those at the University and students are members of the University Union. The College is partly residential. The College is expanding and additional staff are required.
1. SENIOR LECTURERS, £2,140-£2,380
2. LECTURERS, £1,875-£2,140
3. ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Assistant Lecturer, Grade B)
4. RESEARCH ASSISTANT (Assistant Lecturer, Grade B).
For posts 1 and 2, Fellows of the Library Association are invited to apply and a degree would be considered an additional advantage.
For posts 3 and 4, Associates of the Library Association are invited to apply and a degree would be considered an additional advantage.
5. DEMONSTRATOR (Technician, Grade II, £735-£860)
6. LIBRARY ASSISTANTS (Clerical, Grade I, or Trainee Scale).
For post 5, it is desirable that applicants should possess a knowledge of audio-visual and reprographic equipment but training in methods and techniques will be arranged.
For post 6, school leavers are invited to apply who wish to make librarianship a career.
Applications stating age, education, qualifications, experience, present post held, special interests, and in the case of applicants for lecturing posts—teaching experience, and subjects offered for teaching at Post-graduate, Part I and Part II level—together with the names of three referees should be sent to the Principal, College of Librarianship, Llanbadarn Fawr, Aberystwyth, by Monday, 13th March, 1967.
Further details are available on application.

SOMERSET COUNTY [illegible]
[illegible]

BOROUGH OF [illegible] **PENDLE**[illegible]
[illegible]

CITY OF YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
[illegible] Chartered Librarian required for a POST of [illegible] N.J.C. Librarians' Grade (£1,060 to £1,435 per annum), commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.
Applications with age, education, qualifications, the names of two referees, to the undersigned by 20th March.
S. TOMLINSON, City Librarian,
City Library, Museum Street, York.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY [illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH [illegible]

INNER LONDON [illegible]

FURZEDOWN COLLEGE [illegible]

CITY OF OXFORD [illegible]

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOLIHULL [illegible]

BOROUGH OF [illegible]

WORCESTERSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE [illegible]

LIBRARIANS

WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY
SENIOR ASSISTANT, ACCESSIONS SECTION
This new post at Headquarters is available from 1st April, 1967. The primary responsibility of the person appointed will be the maintenance of the catalogue. Special knowledge of cataloguing and classification essential and relevant experience desirable. Candidates should have passed the relevant parts of the Library Association Final or Diploma Examinations but applications from persons sitting their examinations in the summer will be considered.
Salary on the special grade for librarians. Point of entry on scale according to qualifications and experience.
Details of the post and application form available from County Librarian, Love's Grove, Worcester. Closing date Wednesday, 15th March.

INFORMATION SERVICE FOR THE MOTOR INDUSTRY
INFORMATION OFFICER required to work in a team concerned with supplying technical information to the British Motor Industry.
Applicants, who should be under 30, must have either A.L.A. with preferably some knowledge of automobile engineering literature, or a qualification in science or technology, with some experience of information work.
Applications, in writing, to the Secretary, The Motor Industry Research Association, Lindley, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire.

RICHARD THOMAS & BALDWINS LIMITED
[illegible] vacancies at their Central Library and Information Department at Whitchurch, near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, for the following:

CATALOGUER/CLASSIFIER
The library catalogues all books and pamphlets purchased by the Company and maintains a union catalogue. It also supplies catalogue cards to the branch libraries in London and South Wales.
Experience in the U.D.C. classification which is used for a mainly iron and steel collection would be an advantage. Interest in new indexing techniques would also be valuable.
Applicants should have suitable Library Association qualifications in cataloguing and classification.

ASSISTANT
This post will include proof reading of the Department's technical literature, filing of information data, and general clerical duties.
Applicants should preferably have some clerical or library experience and should be able to work with the minimum of supervision.
The company has a contributory superannuation scheme, canteens, social facilities and free transport to and from Aylesbury. Holidays, three weeks and five days.
Application forms, which should be returned by March 10th, can be obtained from:—
Administrative Officer
Central Research Laboratories
RICHARD THOMAS & BALDWINS LIMITED
Whitchurch, Aylesbury, Bucks.

HERIOT-WATT UNIVERSITY EDINBURGH
UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of University Librarian which will become vacant from October, 1967.
The University will be moving to a new site of 248 acres six miles west of the centre of Edinburgh and the Librarian as well as being responsible for the present University Library, will be concerned with the planning of a new Library on the new site.
The salary attached to the appointment will be within the range £3,570 to £4,950 with superannuation under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications should be lodged not later than 4th March, 1967.
DUNCAN E. CAMERON, Secretary of the University.

PUBLIC AND UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

LEEDS EDUCATION COMMITTEE
LEEDS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
(Proposed Polytechnic)
DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARIANSHIP AND INFORMATION SCIENCE
[illegible]

MANCHESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE
MANCHESTER COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for APPOINTMENT to the full-time staff as from 1st September, 1967. The College is a senior institution concentrating on degree and professional courses and is now accommodated in a new building.
DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARIANSHIP
SENIOR LECTURER AND LECTURER (FOUR POSTS).—Applicants should be Chartered Librarians and preferably possess a degree. Assistance is required with teaching in the field of Librarianship. Applications from persons with senior experience in Special Libraries would be welcomed.
Salary Scales: Lecturer—£1,875 to £2,140. Senior Lecturer—£2,140 to £2,360.
Application forms and further details are obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, Deansgate, Manchester, 3, returnable [illegible] 1967. Please quote appropriate number.

PUBLIC AND UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM
SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT in the DEPARTMENT of AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS, situated at Sutton Bonington. Experience of library work, publications and farm accounting would be advantageous, though not essential. Salary according to qualifications and experience, within the range £905 to £1,660, with superannuation under the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities. Further particulars and application forms, returnable not later than 31st March, may be obtained from the Registrar, University of Nottingham.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL
ARCHIVES REPAIRS ASSISTANT
Required in Surrey Record Office. Applicants should have experience of repair of ancient documents and book-binding. Trainee considered. Salary, according to age and experience. Miscellaneous I-III (£[illegible] to £[illegible]) plus up to £75 London Allowance. Staff club and canteen. Generous removal and other allowances available. Applications stating age, education, qualifications and experience naming two referees to Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Kingston upon Thames by 20th March.

TONBRIDGE SCHOOL
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of HEAD of the ENGLISH DEPARTMENT in September, 1967.
Apply to the Headmaster, School House, Tonbridge, Kent, with full details of qualifications and with names of at least two referees.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT HEAD
An established senior colleague to further the development of a department which has a long history of excellence in undergraduate training and is about to embark on postgraduate work.
Duties to commence September 1, 1967.
Applications should be received before May 1, 1967, by the Dean, Faculty of Arts and Science, University of Victoria, Victoria, B.C., Canada.

MUSEUM ASSISTANTS
VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM
Ten posts (8 in the Museum and 2 in Museum Library) for men or women aged at least 16 and preferably under 30.
QUALIFICATIONS: Normally G.C.E. or equivalent with passes in at least four subjects including English Language or English. Interest in art and a knowledge of a modern foreign (European) language desirable.
STARTING SALARY (Inner London) [illegible]. Non-contributory pension. Promotion prospects.
WRITE to Civil Service Commission, 23 Savile Row, London, W.1, for application form, quoting 64/22/67. Closing date 28th March, 1967.

OTHER VACANT APPOINTMENTS

ASSISTANT INFORMATION OFFICER required by an Industrial Research Association. A degree in science and/or experience of technical information and library work is desirable. The work is interesting and varied, the position is progressive and will offer considerable scope to applicants with initiative and ability. Salary according to qualifications and experience.—Applications to the Director, B.L.R.A., Hill View Gardens, London, N.W.4

BBC requires CATALOGUE ASSISTANT, SOUND ARCHIVES, in London. Duties: cataloguing and indexing of recordings selected for retention in BBC Sound Archives, including analysing and summarizing information covering a wide range of recorded material of all types for use in broadcast programmes, where necessary collecting information from reference sources, and integrating results into a systematic catalogue. Assisting in supervision of junior staff engaged in typing and filing. Essential qualifications: Associateship of Library Association or an equivalent professional qualification or working for this. Experience of cataloguing or of press cutting and abstracting and a reasonable standard of typing. Desirable qualifications: some knowledge of foreign languages and music. Salary £975 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) by £55 to £1,250 maximum per annum (including £55 London Weighting). A successful candidate who had not yet obtained the Associateship would be appointed at a lower salary until fully qualified. —Write for application form (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 67.G.65 T.L.S.) to Appointments Department, BBC, London, W.1, within five days.

BRITISH COUNCIL, London, requires ASSISTANT for Medical Library. Candidates, preferably under 35, should have a good general education and fast, accurate typing. Experience in an editorial office would be useful. Starting salary up to £615 at age 25 or over, rising to £1,077. Additional typing allowance if qualified. Three weeks' annual leave; superannuation scheme; staff restaurant.—Write quoting H/11/C.8, to Staff Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, for further particulars and application form to be submitted by the 9th March, 1967.

LEADING CANADIAN General and Educational Publisher requires two senior editors. Salary between $5,000 and $10,000 per annum; applicants should be between the ages of 25 and 40.—Replies to Box T.1125, The Times, E.C.4.

Applications are invited from well educated lady with some
Library experience and proficient in Shorthand and Typewriting for West End Gentlemen's Club.
Age Group 22-35.
Starting salary £850 per annum.
Box T.1124, The Times, E.C.4.

GALLERIES AND EXHIBITIONS

AGNEW GALLERY, 43 Old Bond Street, W.1. 94th Annual Exhibition of a Watercolours and Drawings (2nd edition including groups by L. Fear, J. W. Inchbold and Sir Robin Darwin, R.A. [illegible]

ALEX GALLERY, [illegible]

CENTRAL LIBRARY, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. BOOKS FROM FINLAND. An exhibition of old and new books from Finland. Until March 18. Monday-Friday, 9-8.0; Saturday 9-5.0. Closed Sundays. Admission free.

FURNEAUX GALLERIES, 23 Church Road, Wimbledon. Exhibition, Paintings. Mavis Budd. March 1-18. [illegible]

HAMILTON GALLERIES. AVINASH CHANDRA. New Work. February 14-March 11. [illegible]

LEFEVRE GALLERY, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Rodney Gladwell. [illegible]

PERMANENT EXHIBITION of lithographs by Ainslinge, Arp, Butler, Chadwick, Kokoschka, Kitaj, Lin, Moore, Nolan, Piper, Richards, Sutherland, Tilson; daily 10 to 5; Saturdays 10 to 12. Marlborough New London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1.

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OUTPOSTS. Poems welcomed for future issues. Stamped addressed envelope to Howard Sergeant, 209 East Dulwich Grove, London, S.E.22.

POETRY and JAZZ: Roy Rubin Trio with Martin Bax, Edwin Brock and Tom McGrath. Holborn Library Hall, Theobalds Road, W.C.1. Monday, 6 March at 7 p.m. Admission free.

RESEARCH undertaken by two graduates in History and English in literary, historical, political subjects.—Write Box T.1176, The Times, E.C.4.

SPAIN. The Anglo-Spanish Society's quarterly Review needs out of the ordinary articles on Spain and black and white photographs for reproduction, and if you are a lover of Spain and things Spanish you might also be interested in joining the Society. For further details contact The Editor, The Anglo-Spanish Society, 5 Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ASTON IN BIRMINGHAM wishes to announce the formation of an International Society of Philosophical Letter Writers. The aim of the society is to facilitate correspondence between philosophical writers of similar interests. Membership is open to anyone, there is no charge for the service, and those wishing to join should submit their name, full address and list of topics upon which they would like to correspond to:—
E. H. STUBBES, Society of Philosophical Letter Writers, University of Aston in Birmingham, Gosta Green, Birmingham 4, England.
Those from the U.K. should enclose a stamped addressed envelope, those from countries outside the U.K. should enclose a self-addressed envelope and international stamp coupons to cover return postage.

WRITERS INVITED SUBMIT SCRIPTS—especially Books—for criticism, revision, market advice.—The L. C. Walls Literary Service (Est. over 25 years), 30 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

GEORGE RUSSELL (AE) MEMORIAL FUND
The Fund was established to foster literature in Ireland as a memorial to the late George Russell (AE) in gratitude for the dedication of his great gifts to Ireland.
Awards are made periodically from the Fund in recognition of published or unpublished work, creative or scholarly, which, in the opinion of the Advisory Committee, is of a high standard of merit. Awards may also be made for similar work planned, although not yet completed.
An Award of £100 is offered for the year 1967.
Candidates must be of Irish birth and ordinarily resident in any part of Ireland, and must not have attained the age of 35 years on the 1st January, 1967. Application forms (obtainable from the Trustee), together with three copies of the work or works submitted should be forwarded on or before the 15th August, 1967, to the Trustee of the Fund:
Bank of Ireland,
Trustee Department,
College Green,
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Application forms and further particulars from the College Secretary and Bursar, Dartington College of Arts, Totnes, Devon.

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(Composite fee for accommodation, tuition and theatre tickets, £55)	

Further particulars and application forms from:
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ALMOST ANY complete volumes of The Studio wanted! Also Illustrated London News, Annual Register, The Times Literary Supplement, Quarterly Review, The Sketch, The Tatler, Blackwood's Magazine, Nature, Transactions of the Royal Philosophical Society, Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, American Magazines, Journal of the Society of Arts, Historical Research and any other learned journals.—H. Pordes, 529b Finchley Road, London, N.W.3. HAM 9878.

AMERICAN BOOKS, NEW OR OLD, OUT OF PRINT. For any book you want just write to ORSAY BOOKS, [illegible] Fleet Avenue, Rego Park, New York City, N.Y. 11374.

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to mark National Library Week March 11-18
A special issue of THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT March 9
Margaret Lane on Choosing a private library
C. H. Rolph on the Copyright Libraries
School Libraries—an independent view
Poetry and the Public Library
Building a University Library
Censorship and the Libraries
A special 16-page inset in THE TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT March 10
The essential ingredients of a school library
Reviews of the latest works for school libraries, including
WORKS OF REFERENCE
FICTION · SCIENCE
ENGINEERING · HISTORY
SOCIAL STUDIES · CAREERS

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1).—A public lecture by Dr. Lloyd Mattar entitled "Hegel on Religion and Atheism" will be given on 9 March at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

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MERMAID (CITY 7656, restaurant 2835). [illegible] 8.30; last week of TRIFLES AND TOMFOOLERIES by Bernard Shaw. Comm. Wed., 7 p.m., Subs. 6 and 8.40. [illegible] directed by Jonathan Miller.